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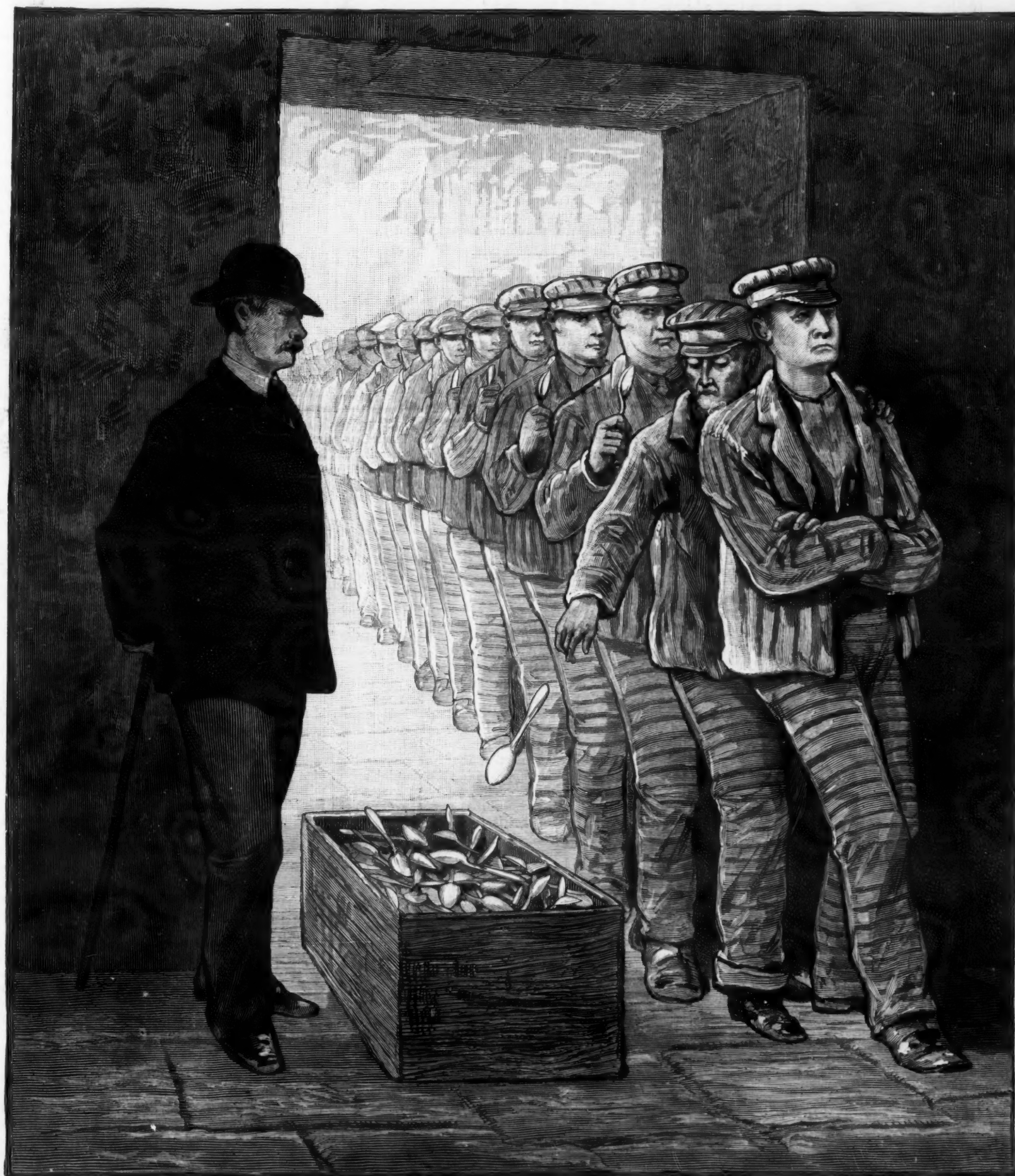
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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FERDINAND WARD AT SING SING PRISON.—THE CONVICTS RETURNING FROM DINNER—PRISONER 927 DEPOSITING HIS SPOON.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 214.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
 53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
 Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.
 NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 21, 1885.

THE MIDLOTHIAN CAMPAIGN.

THE Midlothian campaign of 1885-86, opened last week by Mr. Gladstone, promises to be the most memorable of that unique series of political campaigns. That not only "grand," but marvelous, old man has revealed himself to the people in possession of all the amazing vigor of frame and intellect of his best days; and the people of England and Scotland have responded in a way that shows he has lost none of his immense popularity. His journey from Hawarden to Edinburgh was a triumphal progress. Immense crowds greeted him with enthusiastic acclaim at every station. At Edinburgh the enthusiasm was unexampled in the political history of Great Britain. When he spoke, the clarion voice that rang out put to flight the last fond delusion of his enemies that his "sore throat" was something more than a diplomatic ailment.

The entrance of Mr. Gladstone upon the scene changes the whole shape of the electoral campaign—or, rather, gives a definite shape to what was in pitiable confusion before. There were two parties in the Liberal Cabinet (as we have on other occasions pointed out), who were counting, half in hope and half in fear, upon the retirement of the old general-in-chief from the present contest—Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, representing the Radicals, and the Marquis of Hartington, representing the reactionary Whigs. With characteristic astuteness, as it now appears, Mr. Gladstone executed that sage political strategy known in this country as "playing possum." He kept the condition of his throat a mystery until his two ambitious lieutenants had time to experiment with their respective policies. Mr. Chamberlain raised the cry of disestablishment of the Church, and the Marquis of Hartington put his foot down on the question of Home Rule for Ireland. The "grand old man" held himself in check just long enough to make sure that one or other, or both, of these policies would play the mischief with the Liberal Party; Chamberlain's would split it hopelessly, and drive a great body of conservative Liberals into the ranks of the Tories; while Hartington's would send the Parnellites into the same camp. The time was not ripe for Church disestablishment, and it was too late in the day to talk of "no more concessions to Ireland."

Assured of this, the Member for Midlothian has buckled on his armor, descended like a thunderbolt upon the field, and put himself once more at the head of his army. He has recalled, as it were, his pair of rash lieutenants, and announced his intention of fighting this campaign out on his own lines; and the Liberal forces, delighted, relieved, their hope leaping up again, have swung together in a united body behind him.

In his first set of speeches, Mr. Gladstone expressly silenced Chamberlain and Hartington. For the benefit of one, he declared that the disestablishment of the Church would form no part of the Liberal programme; in reply to the other, who had just made an anti-Home Rule speech in Belfast, he announced that the time had come when, short of any interference with the integrity of the Empire, the demands of Ireland for legislative autonomy should be conceded.

Mr. Gladstone's hope is to secure a Liberal majority large enough to well outnumber the Tories and Parnellites combined. With this majority he would probably deal with Irish Home Rule as he has dealt with the Franchise. Short of such a majority as this, he would be at the mercy of the Parnellites, and would probably prefer his old policy of harassing the Tories from the opposition benches to trying to govern by favor of the Irish leader.

What Mr. Parnell will do will largely depend upon the development of the probabilities up to the eve of the election. He would naturally prefer an alliance with the Liberals, and has thrown out a bid for it by asking Mr. Gladstone to show his earnestness by drafting a Bill for Home Rule, as he did for extending the Franchise, before the election takes place. On the other hand, if the English parties run close, the Tories will bid high for Parnell's support, and they will have this assurance, that whatever measure they bring in will be ratified by the standing Tory majority in the House of Lords; whereas the Lords would throw out a Home Rule Bill introduced by the Liberals, unless it was backed by a formidable Liberal majority. Mr. Parnell's position is one calling for the most delicate helmsmanship, and the whole situation will reward close watching as it develops from week to week.

THE GOSPEL OF HARD WORK.

A LIFE is the best sermon, and this gospel has not of late been more forcibly preached than in the life which closed when John McCullough died. Other men have begun like him, at the bottom of the social ladder, and worked their way up to eminence; other men have begun with nothing, and have realized fortunes, compared with which his wealth was poverty; but there is something peculiarly significant in the quality and the

methods of this man's success. From first to last it was all pure hard work. No daring speculation, no brilliant invention, no lucky hit. "Ah, my boy," said he one day, "my work was made to last!" He was the great actor then, crowned with fame and fortune; but he had seen in a room where he was visiting an old chair which looked familiar, and turning it over, had discovered his own signature in the boyish scrawl which had been his in his apprentice days. And all his work was made to last—not more when his ambition was to become a first-class chair-maker than when it came to be to become a first-rate actor.

It was by such work as this, governed by an upright purpose, that he rose to excellence. "He was so earnest, so painstaking, and withal had such love for his chosen profession," says one who has known him from the beginning, "that it was clear he would make a success. Indeed, he himself never doubted that he would." Of course he never doubted, for he never spared himself. From first to last he was a student; from first to last he put his whole soul into his work. Gifted though he was, it was not upon his gifts, but upon his thorough work, that this painstaking man based his confident expectation of success. There is profound suggestion in the incident that on the night of his first appearance in a speaking part, the boy went dinnerless upon the stage, having spent his last shilling in getting his hair curled "that he might look the more a Roman."

This is the kind of work of which the gospel has need to be preached to-day. In these times of cheaply earned wealth, of easily procured popularity, it is needful that young men should be shown that, given a noble aim, it is hard work alone which builds up a success which is real, and which includes that which makes success worth having—respect, and influence, and the lasting remembrance of true-hearted men. The cause may be one thing or it may be another—an actor, or a lawyer, or a railway king—it is the hard, honest work which is put into it which gains the success that lasts when the wealth is spent, and the stirring words are forgotten, and the life is gone.

THE SILVER QUESTION.

A GOOD deal of interest is manifested as to the attitude the President will assume in his annual Message concerning the silver-coinage question. The facts that he dispatched Mr. Manton Marble to Europe last Spring to ascertain how far the Governments there are disposed to act in harmony with our own with a view to the fixing of an international ratio between the two metals, and that Consul-general Walker, who possesses exceptional qualifications as an expert on monetary questions, was present, by instruction of the President, at the Paris Congress of States composing the Latin Union, with a view of making observations as to the general subject, justify the belief that Mr. Cleveland will, at any rate, have the advantage of the fullest and latest information as to the views of transatlantic Governments and authorities; and such recommendations as he may make will, no doubt, on this account, be received with a degree of deference which they would not otherwise command. So far as can be inferred from recent statements, these recommendations of the President are not likely to contravene his previous utterances; on the contrary, there is some reason to believe that his condemnation of the Bland dollar will be even more emphatic than in the letter which he gave to the country shortly after his election. One journal says that he will recommend that the coinage of the \$2,000,000 a month be stopped, and that the old trade dollars that are now outstanding be bought up and coined into halves and quarters. It is also said that he will recommend that half-dollars be coined in larger quantities, but that their weight be made greater, so that they will represent a value in metal somewhat approaching the imprint upon their face. This, however, would be a direct concession to the silver interests, and for that reason we are not yet prepared to believe that it will be proposed.

THE LION IN THE WAY.

BY the late victory in New York, the Democratic Party has won important vantage-ground, which should give it the Presidency in 1888 if it is prudent; but it will not "get there" if it pretends to ignore the obstacles in the way. One of the most conspicuous of these is tariff agitation, and the contest on that question within the party. The Louisville Courier-Journal has repeated its annual feat of counting Congressional noses and canvassing Congressional notions on this important controversy, and 59 Democrats and 91 Republicans have reported. Of the Democrats, 53 favor tariff agitation, and of the Republicans, 75 oppose it. That is to say, seven-eighths of all the Democrats who have responded favor legislation to modify the tariff, and five-sixths of all the Republicans who have responded oppose it. A meagre minority of each party sides with the opposition. Of the Democrats, moreover, 57 are for Mr. Carlisle (Free Trade) for Speaker, and 1 is for Mr. Randall.

The tendency of the party now come to power is thus clearly revealed. With success its more aggressive managers seem to be ready to abandon all pretense of sympathy with Protection, and declare for "a tariff for revenue only," or mainly, under the lead of the most radical Free Trade advocates. Mr. Randall is

to be "bowled out," they say. He is a power in his place of leadership on the floor; and the Free Traders propose either to supersede him as Chairman of the Appropriation Committee, where he has shown signal ability, or abolish the Committee and transfer its functions to the Ways and Means, or distribute the Appropriation Bills to sub-committees. In some way he must be discredited and shorn of his strength. The question arises, How will this display of courage affect the fortunes of the party that has just re-elected Governor Hill, and feels that it has only to foreclose its mortgage on the White House? Let it listen to our warning to move slowly. The masses of the Democracy are not yet ready to fling Protection overboard. They may wish, as many Republicans wish, to modify the tariff in the direction of making raw materials free, or nearly free, but they will revolt against destroying the system which has nourished our infant industries, and made us, in a growth of twenty years, the strongest and richest nation in the world. Let the casuists be careful. Free Trade is the ideal best thing when a nation's fabricating industries have become strong enough to stand alone and defy the starvation-wages of foreign lands, and the cheap transportation of alien ships; but we have not yet arrived at that millennial condition. Messrs. Hurd and Watterson will do well to drive their Free-trade team with snaffle-bit, lest it run away with them, and strew the Democratic baggage and furniture all over the highway.

WOMEN'S EXCHANGES.

WITHIN a generation an active prejudice existed against woman's participating in the world's work outside of her home. This prejudice, which now seems difficult of comprehension, has yielded to the pressure of necessity. Women are everywhere recognized as workers. The "woman's sphere" of which we heard so much in past years has been almost indefinitely enlarged. But the change has been gradual. At first those who were compelled to earn their bread, but were not fitted for manual labor, fell back upon schoolteaching or clerkships, and there seemed to be little else. Then new fields were opened—the professions, small farming, the raising of silkworms, some of the more delicate handicrafts, all manner of artistic and decorative work, and a multitude of other avocations. Employers found that in many branches of industry where delicate perceptions, quickness and taste were called for, the labor of women has an especial value. The superiority of women over men in detecting counterfeits in the Treasury Department is a familiar instance. Thus woman has won her place in the labor market by her own merits, and to-day women may be found in places of responsibility throughout the country. There are pursuits to which they are peculiarly adapted, and in these they are displacing men. Often they invade masculine territory, and direct business interests, stock speculations, ranches or what not, with a skill to which the most confirmed misogynist can take no exceptions.

But with the increase in the number of workingwomen new measures have been necessary to meet their wants. These, in general, are two in number. There has been an effort to induce women to become producers instead of mere employes. The woman dependent upon an employer is too often underpaid. Women teachers and clerks are still paid less than men for precisely the same services. The Decorative Art Societies existing in our larger cities, and the organization for encouraging silk-culture which has its headquarters in Philadelphia, have done much good work. But their province is limited. It has been necessary to find a way of putting any and all productions of women upon the market with due regard to the interests of the producers.

There is evidently peculiar occasion for the existence of a judicious and sympathetic "middle man" or commission agent between the female producer and the market. This want, we are glad to say, is being wisely filled by the establishment of "Women's Exchanges" in our larger cities. These are in no sense of a charitable nature. They are practical business undertakings, intended to furnish a market for the products of woman's labor. The Exchange in New York has already proved a successful and beneficial enterprise. The number of others is increasing, one of the most recent being in Memphis, Tenn.—another sign of the progress of new ideas in the rapidly developing South. To the thousands of women throughout the South whose fortunes were wrecked directly or indirectly by the war these Exchanges should bring no little relief, or rather, the longed-for opportunity to relieve themselves by their own work.

For, as we have said, these Exchanges furnish, not a gratuitous support, but a means of self-help. The country woman who can make tempting preserves or other delicacies is not obliged to contend against the indifference of unknown commission merchants or the neglect of possibly irresponsible dealers, but she can send her wares to the nearest Women's Exchange, confident of their receiving prompt and adequate attention. Her city sister has a market at hand where whatever she may produce will be advantageously placed before the public. Thus a long step is taken towards securing for women workers the independence which is the right of the industrious, properly remunerated producer. With the development of the Exchange system, much will be done to lighten the lot of women dependent upon their own exertions.

Little imagination is needed to trace the benefits to the sex and to society. This is a sensible and good work. Let us have more "Women's Exchanges," and let them have a cordial and a practical support.

BOYCOTTING AS AN ELEMENT IN STRIKES.

THE introduction into the United States of the system of boycotting has not been attended by any very serious results, and its efficiency as an active agent in the interests of labor might have been doubted but for the aggressive and costly demonstration of its power so recently given at Galveston and other points in Texas. In the city named a number of longshoremen in the employ of the Mallory Steamship Company demanded an advance from \$4 to \$5 per day, and the demand not being acceded to, they quit work. Had no other motive force been introduced into the contest, this particular strike would not have differed from the scores of others that have for a long time seriously embarrassed employers of labor, as well as laborers themselves. In this case, the striking longshoremen belonged to the Society of the Knights of Labor, and the executive of the Society instituted so strict and rigorous a system of boycotting against the Company and all having any trade relations with it, that business was paralyzed not only in Galveston, but also in Houston and various other commercial centres throughout the State. Brief as was the duration of this method of coercion, it resulted in incalculable loss, and a large number of laborers who were in no way concerned in the dispute, and were well satisfied with the conditions under which they were employed, suffered greatly from the enforced idleness resulting from this embargo upon business. Finally, however, the strikers, apparently alarmed at the consequences of their acts, agreed to refer the dispute to arbitration, the men consenting, pending the final adjustment, to resume work at the old wages, and the Company pledging itself to abide by the decision of the arbiters.

Whether the demonstration of the fact that boycotting when employed by a formidable organization is a powerful agency, will result in the introduction of such an effective weapon into future contests between labor and capital, may perhaps be doubted. The Galveston boycotters by no means achieved a victory, and it is now very evident that had they not agreed to an arbitration when they did, the boycotting would have been summarily ended in a manner that might not have been very pleasant to the Knights of Labor.

It is quite certain that the City of Galveston will not again allow a hundred longshoremen, or any other body of men, to place an interdiction upon commerce, and entail great suffering and loss upon those who are not at all concerned in their strikes except from purely humanitarian considerations. Assuming that the longshoremen had a moral right to demand an additional dollar a day as wages, such right was clearly limited to their refusing to work unless their demand was complied with; and in going beyond this and engaging in a conspiracy to secure their ends, their conduct became obnoxious to good order and sound law. In New York, laws exist which are quite competent to prevent any overt act on the part of boycotters. The Penal Code of the State defines as a misdemeanor the action of two or more persons who conspire "to prevent another from exercising a lawful trade or calling, or doing any other lawful act, by force, threats, or intimidation." If such a law exists in Texas, the Galveston boycotters must certainly have made themselves liable to prosecution; and if such a provision does not already exist in that State, the recent strike and the subsequent boycotting shew conclusively the necessity of its enactment.

Boycotting can never cure the evils of which workingmen complain, and they injure, instead of helping, their cause, whenever they resort to it.

THE OUTRAGES ON THE CHINESE.

THE President's proclamation against the murderers of the Chinese in Washington Territory did not come a moment too soon. It ought to have been issued before the brutal sentiment which led to the outrages had gained such wide control. It has, however, had some effect. The Grand Jury has indicted thirteen Knights of Labor for their knightly assaults upon inoffensive laborers, together with twenty or thirty other persons, and they have been taken to Vancouver for trial. At the same time it is clear that the populace sympathizes with the ruffians. An enthusiastic correspondent telegraphs to the *Herald* concerning these indicted hoodlums as follows:

"On leaving Tacoma hundreds of citizens crowded the depot and loudly cheered their departing friends. Five thousand dollars have been pledged for their defense, and half a dozen of the best counsel in Washington Territory have volunteered their services. Every man came over with a signed bail bond for \$10,000 prepared. The amount of property on the tax list represented by the arrested persons is over a quarter-million dollars. At every station along the 105 miles of road crowds were assembled, who cheered the party to the echo. Great preparations are being made at Tacoma to receive them on their return."

As long as this spirit of hatred prevails, there can be no quiet in Washington Territory, except such quiet as the highwayman makes after he has throttled his victim. There are, of course, decent people there who wish justice to be done, but they are a hopeless minority. If a United States Court can try these desperadoes and deprive them

of the shield of a local jury, some of them may, perhaps, be convicted; but with the Press, the property and the people in favor of the rioters, as indicated in the above extract, it is difficult to see how they can be brought to justice at all. In Tacoma, the Mayor and its two leading editors are among those indicted for leading the cowardly Knights who maltreated the sick Chinese, drove them from their homes, and burned the homes behind them. The President has been slow to act, but if he shall now use all the power at his disposal to protect peaceable residents from intimidation and assault, and if he can somehow induce the judges and district-attorneys whom he has created to co-operate with him, he ought to be able to prevent any more Chinamen being shot down—especially if they remain locked in their houses as they are now. But to that end he must be severe with offenders, and not lenient; and he must hold every Government official to a stern accountability for the enforcement of the laws, and punish as they deserve all who fail in their duty. There can be no real peace on the Pacific Slope till such Sand-lotters as the Mayor of Tacoma and his sympathizers are made to feel the terrors of the law they have outraged.

THE INDIAN QUESTION.

THE statements made by the President, last week, to the committee appointed at the recent Indian Conference at Mohonk to wait upon him and explain their principles and purposes, and so far as possible secure harmony between him and themselves, show very conclusively that the importance of this Indian question is fully appreciated by the Executive. In the address of Hon. Erastus Brooks, who spoke for the Conference, the points specially urged as demanding immediate attention were those relating to land and education, homes and families. The welfare of the Indians, he said, required that, as fast as possible, the tribal relations should give way to individualism, severalty in the possession of land, amenability to the laws, and citizenship. In this way the Indians, so long a disturbing force in our civilization, would become a valuable element of our population, self-supporting, self-respecting, industrious and peaceable.

In his reply, the President evinced an earnest desire and determination so to exercise the powers confided to him as to bring about the reforms so much desired. He saw, however, great difficulties in the way, which could only be overcome by patience, forbearance and firmness. One of the first of these difficulties was the opposition of the old chiefs to everything that interfered with their authority. Then, if the Indians are left to themselves and become destitute, clamor is at once raised that the Government is starving them. We cannot drive them from their reservations, but we must prepare to give them the land in severalty as fast as possible, and throw them upon their own resources. It would take years to accomplish what his visitors proposed, but he hoped to be able to make a beginning in the right direction during the remaining years of his administration.

Secretary Lamar subsequently expressed to the committee his cordial sympathy with their objects, but said that he was unwilling, with his present limited knowledge, to commit himself to any definite plans. The abandonment of the reservation system, he thought, would for the present be premature. The first step should be, after securing the reservations to them in fee simple, either as now located or compressed into smaller space, to protect them from the stronger civilization surrounding them. In the transition state the tribal system must be adhered to. As to making the Indian a citizen, he thought that to do so at present would be of no real service to him. It is quite apparent that while the Administration is not yet able to formulate a specific policy on this subject, it is determined to do everything it can, intelligently, to secure a proper solution of the problem presented.

THE EASTERN TROUBLES.

WHETHER or not the Balkan Conference now in session in Constantinople will be able to reach any satisfactory solution of the problem before it, is doubtful. Serbia has formally declared war against Bulgaria, and all the indications are that she will follow up the declaration by a vigorous demonstration. Several Bulgarian frontier forts have already been assaulted, and hostilities may be said to have actually commenced. Meanwhile the ardor of the people of Eastern Roumelia remains unabated, and a fresh military conscription has been commenced. Russia has stopped the annual subvention to Prince Alexander, and persists in her demand that the Conference shall direct his deposition—a demand which all the Powers except England appear to be inclined to recognize. At this writing a favorable adjustment of the dispute appears to be altogether improbable.

The General Missionary Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at its recent meeting in New York city, appropriated \$908,966 for the support of foreign and domestic missions. The Women's Foreign and Home Missionary Societies of the Church have appropriated an additional sum of \$246,240, making a grand total of \$1,155,206, of which all but \$81,966 has already been secured. It is evident from the figures that the Methodist denomination has lost nothing of the missionary spirit which has hitherto made it such a powerful factor in the Christian enterprises of the world.

In response to an invitation signed by over half a hundred of the leading representatives of New York's literary, social, ecclesiastical, journalistic, legal and medical circles, Miss Kate Field will address the public of this city upon the subject of social and political crime in Utah, in her famous lecture entitled "The Mormon

Monster," on Saturday evening next, at Chickering Hall. Thrown by accident into a position to observe at first hand some striking phases of the great Mormon evil, Miss Kate Field became absorbed in the study, to which she devoted eight months of unremitting labor in Salt Lake City. She is now acknowledged to possess more positive information upon this subject than probably any other person, except the high Mormon Church officials, and others who have been directly connected with it. Such a timely and profoundly interesting subject, treated in the keen and sparkling manner for which Miss Field is famous, is certain to make memorable the evening devoted to it.

The report of the First Assistant Postmaster-general shows that the whole number of post-offices in the United States on the 30th of June last was 51,252, of which 2,233 are subject to appointment by the President. The whole number of appointments during the year was 11,203; of these, 6,204 were on resignations and expired commissions, and 810 on suspension and removal. It would be interesting to know just how many of these appointments were made during the four months of the year embraced under the present Administration, and how many on the so-called resignations were made upon request of the Democratic heads of the Department.

RECENT testimony before the Senate Investigating Committee shows that members of the New York Excise Board have been in the habit of using their authority to shield liquor dealers against arrest for violations of the law. One member of the Board has made a practice of asking the "protection" of captains of police for persons who were selling without license, and Superintendent Murray testifies that in cases where the offenders have been arrested the police have been powerless to secure their conviction, because of some peculiar "influence" which they have been able to invoke. How much longer is this ostentatious protection of an iniquitous traffic to be tolerated?

The rapidity with which the Chinese are adopting our methods of civilization is not the least interesting feature of the problem in which they are the prime factor. Recently we recorded a strike of San Francisco Chinese cigarmakers against white laborers. Now a couple of Chinese gentlemen in Omaha, Messrs. Tom Lat and Ah Quong, have sued the *Bee* of that city for libel, laying their damages at \$1,000. The paper named suggested that there was leprosy in their laundry, and they are now seeking to disprove the story, and secure public vindication from the charges, in just the same way that a maligned, scandalized American citizen would do. If the Mongols should win their suit, perhaps it would be well in future for San Francisco Sand Lot orators to carefully expunge the phrase "moon-eyed lepers" from their remarks.

SENATOR STANFORD, of California, knows how to spend money, as well as how to make it. His gift of twenty million dollars to found a great University in that State, to be located in Menlo Park, proves this very conclusively. The sum named is by far the most munificent endowment ever given by one man to found an institution of learning, and it is probably more than was ever given by a combination of men for one educational object. The plans for the proposed University are not yet matured, but it is known that the building will include an agricultural department, mechanical institute, museum, art galleries, and structures devoted to instruction in the principles of government, also in law, painting, medicine and music. A town site will also be established where families may live cheaply, in connection with which preparatory schools will be erected. Both sexes will be eligible. Superior courses of study will be free, and those leading up to them at a moderate tuition fee.

THE managers of the trunk-line railroads have at length settled their long-pending differences, and it is understood that passenger rates will at once be advanced, following the advance in freights already made. Under the settlement arrived at, the Baltimore and Ohio Road, heretofore kept out of New York, is recognized as a through line, and will receive a percentage of the passenger traffic from this city, coming in for the present, it is understood, over the Pennsylvania Road. That arrangement, however, can scarcely be permanent, the Pennsylvania being already taxed to carry its own traffic over the New Jersey Division, and we may expect that ultimately the Baltimore and Ohio will either use the Bound Brook route between Philadelphia and New York, or construct an independent line between the two cities. The company is understood to have already secured terminal facilities at Communipaw in anticipation of a probable necessity for the construction of a new line eastward.

THE name of Signor Del Puente is associated with some of the most delightful opera nights of Colonel Mapleson's *regime*. Indeed, his superb singing and exceptional dramatic powers, particularly in those rôles where spirit, grace, and gaiety are essential qualifications, have made this artist such a favorite, that a season of Italian opera without him would inevitably seem deficient. When, but recently, a single tragic stroke deprived him not only of a trusted friend, but of all the money he had saved, it was inevitable that this private misfortune should arouse more or less public discussion and sympathy. Colonel Mapleson has given practical expression to the general feeling by offering a benefit—Signor Del Puente's first and only one in America—and the latter's fellow-artists have unanimously tendered their services. Accordingly, on Saturday evening next, at the Academy of Music, "Don Giovanni" will be given, with Del Puente in the title part, and a cast representing the full strength of Colonel Mapleson's company. It will be in a double sense Del Puente's night, for he will be heard and seen at his best in this most dramatic and melodious of Mozart's operas, which of late years has but too rarely found a place upon our lyric stage.

THE postal railway service, like the life-saving service, is managed on business principles, and the results in both cases are altogether satisfactory. The report of the superintendent of the railway service for the past year shows that in a total of 4,948,059,400 pieces of mail matter handled, the errors chargeable to the clerks were only 887,704, or one error to each 5,574 pieces handled, being at the rate of 224 errors per clerk per annum. The average percentage of mail matter correctly distributed was 99.98. This is the highest rate attained since the establishment of the service. When it is remembered that the railway mails are distributed while the trains are running at express speed; that every clerk must carry in his memory the name of every post-office reached from the route on which he travels, the State and county in which it is located, its situation as to railroads, etc., and must deposit in the proper pouch every letter indistinctly or carelessly directed; and that, besides this, he must assort his mails with the utmost expedition, especially on routes where important stations are close together, the percentage of accuracy attained in the performance of his duty must strike every one as really remarkable.

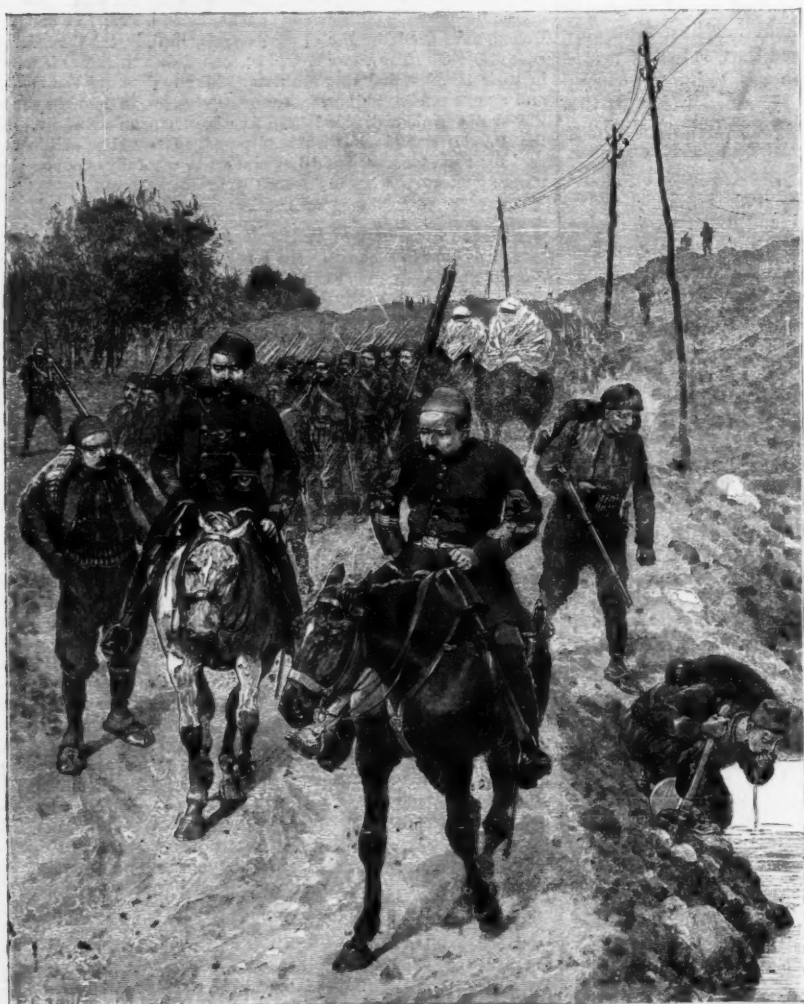
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 214.



IRELAND.—A BOYCOTTERS' COURT AT GRANE, KILKENNY.



GREAT BRITAIN.—MR. ALDERMAN JOHN STAPLES, THE NEW LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.



THE REVOLUTION IN ROUMELIA.—A BATTALION OF THE TURKISH NIZAM ON THE MARCH.



FRANCE.—THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCE WALDEMAR OF DENMARK AND PRINCESS MARIE OF ORLEANS, AT EU—THE WEDDING PARTY LEAVING THE CHAPEL.



THE INVASION OF BURMAH.—VIEW OF MANDALAY, THE CAPITAL.



A MINISTER OF STATE.



SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF A TOUR THROUGH VIRGINIA.—PRESENT APPEARANCE OF THE CONFEDERATE EARTHWORKS AT PETERSBURG, CONSTRUCTED DURING THE SIEGE OF 1864-65, AND CHRISTENED BY THE UNION ARMY AS "FORT HELL."
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.

THE JOURNEYMEN BRICKLAYERS' HALL IN PHILADELPHIA.

THE Journeymen Bricklayers' Protective Association has recently dedicated, with imposing ceremonies, a fine new hall, which is said to be the only one in the world ever built by any society of organized labor. The hall is of the Romanesque order of architecture, with a frontage on Broad Street of thirty-one feet nine and a half inches, and a depth of eighty feet. A wing runs north to Olive Street, forming an L, with an obtuse angle. The main entrance to the hall and rooms that will be occupied by the Association is on Olive Street, and is especially ornate and beautiful. The building is constructed of English red sandstone, pressed brick and heavy cold-rolled copper. There are two stone tablets on the Broad Street front, on which are carved the seal of the Association and the date of its organization. The cornices and the bow windows on Olive Street are of bronzed copper. The dedication of the building was marked by a procession of bricklayers, by a number of addresses, and by a ball, which was attended by more than two thousand people.

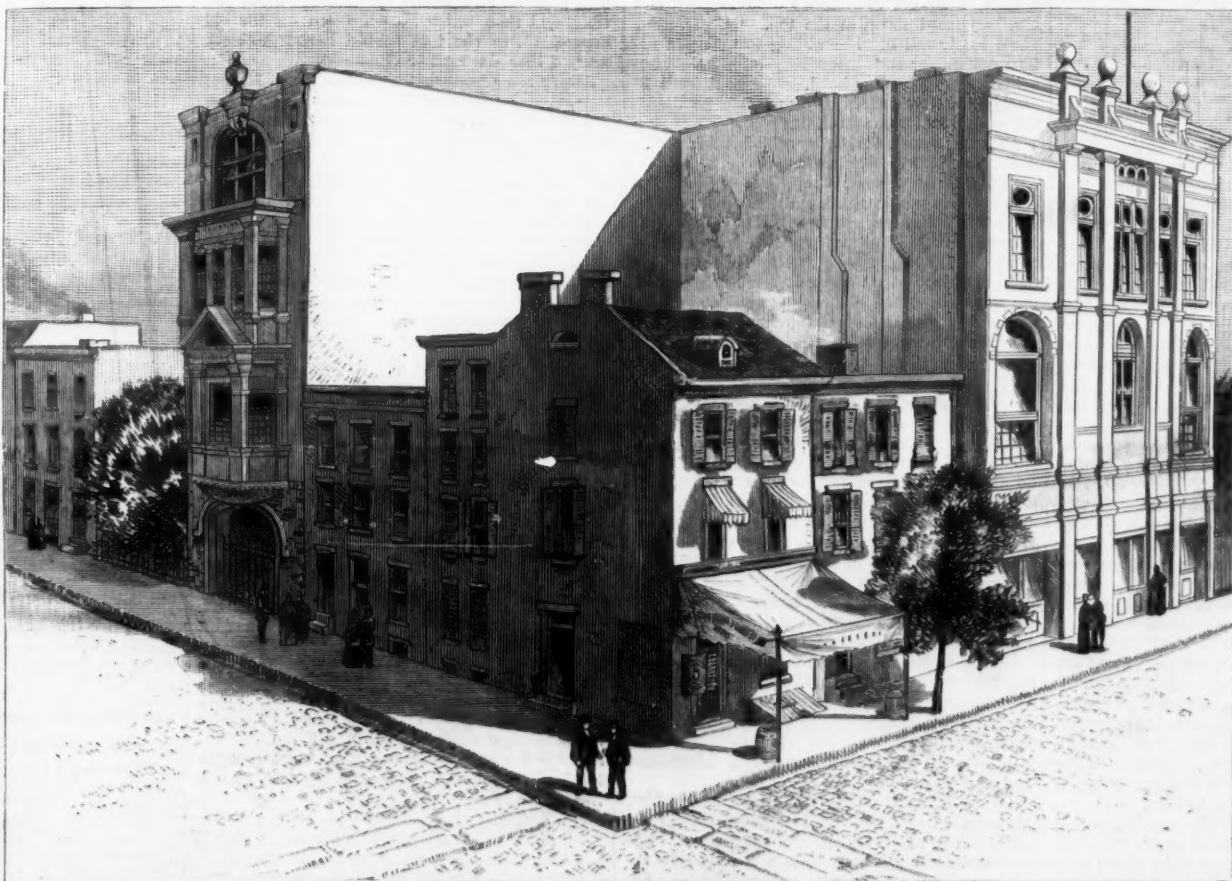
"FORT HELL."

THIS suggestive appellation, which the Union soldiers bestowed upon

one of the most stubbornly defended of the fortifications around Petersburg, arouses exciting memories of the great siege of the Civil War. The scene of frequent conflicts for months previous, it was in the first days of April, 1865,

when Grant's army closed about the doomed city, crushing in line after line of defenses, that hard fighting gave appropriateness to the grim christening of "Fort Hell," and the adjoining work, "Fort Damnation." It was here that the Con-

federates made one of their last desperate battles for the defense of their capital—a battle worthy of the old renown of the Army of Northern Virginia. Far other aspect bears the historic ground to-day. Grasses and wild vines cover the scars of war; and peaceful husbandry, dressing anew the blood-stained soil where armies contended, makes the old battlefield a smiling picture of plenty and repose.



PENNSYLVANIA.—THE NEW HALL OF THE JOURNEYMEN BRICKLAYERS' PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION, BROAD AND OLIVE STREETS, PHILADELPHIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. SHAW.

THE PETROLEUM EXCHANGE OF NEW YORK.

"A DULL day—a very quiet market," observed Superintendent Cooke to the representative of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, as the latter stood in the gallery of the Petroleum Exchange and gazed upon the scene below. In an immense compound-room of something like 7,000 square feet, walled in with blackboards covered with a formidable array of quotations, lists and reports, six or seven hundred well-dressed, energetic-looking men appeared to be engaged in a good-natured riot. They were, most of them, brokers engaged in the peaceful pursuit of their ordinary daily business; but custom had given a stentorian ring to their voices, and their gesticulations would have been very effective upon theatrical boards, in the representation of a frenzied mob. The uproar concentrated in the small wooden amphitheatre,

known as the pit or "bull-ring," near the Broadway end of the Exchange. Clerks and telegraph operators, fenced in by desks, worked away quite oblivious to the pandemonium which surged round about them. Speculators in railroad and mining stocks conducted their operations with scarcely less noise in the back part of the room. Customers and outsiders crowded to the railings and blocked up the broad passageway on the south side, or leaned over from the galleries on the second floor. Messenger-boys darted to and fro, skylarking amongst the pushing, shouting brokers. The babel of sounds drowned the deep roar of Broadway; yet this was comparatively a quiet spell, for the placard over the pit had shown a fluctuation of only $\frac{1}{4}$ or $\frac{1}{2}$ of a cent per barrel of crude petroleum during the day.

Something like this scene is to be witnessed at the Petroleum Exchange between the hours of ten A. M. and three P. M. all the year round, even through parching midsummer. The fact that the death-roll of members is not abnormally large, is probably in a great measure attributable to the fact that the place is ventilated and heated by one of the most elaborate systems of mechanism in use for a similar purpose anywhere in this country. The great nickel-plated pipes, which are so conspicuous on the floor, send up a cyclone of pure ice air all through the Summer, and a tropical sirocco in Winter-time.

The New York Consolidated Mining Stock and National Petroleum Exchange is the full name of the Association since its recent union with the New York Petroleum Exchange and Stock Board. It occupies the entire double building, Nos. 60-62 Broadway, extending back to New Street. With a membership of 2,200, and constantly growing business, it finds even its present accommodations insufficient, and further acquisitions of space are proposed for the near future. The rapid business and financial development of the Exchange has already given it a leading position in the country; and to-day New York practically governs the crude oil market, instead of allowing itself, as formerly, to be controlled by the prices of the oil-field exchanges. The highly prosperous condition of the New York Exchange may be estimated from the simple statement that its transactions in Pipe Line Certificates in the shape of clearances, for the fiscal year ending May 31st, 1885, amounted to the enormous total of 2,859,621,000 barrels; and that on one day, within the past few weeks, the business done footed up to the maximum figure of \$44,000,000. The department affording facilities for dealing in active railroad stocks was established a little over a year ago; facilities for trading in miscellaneous securities had existed previously. The management have removed the restrictions which formerly prevented dealings in securities that were listed at the New York Stock Exchange; and all the active stocks and bonds now appear on the lists of the Petroleum Exchange. The excellent facilities afforded to the public for trading in small lots are appreciated, and the business is rapidly increasing in bulk and solidity.

For a graphic impression of the general appearance of the interior of the Petroleum Exchange during business hours, the reader is referred to our large illustration on page 216.

WHEN LOVE WENT BY.

I NEVER knew when love went past,
Else would my watching not have been in vain.
There was no token of it, first or last;
Mysterious as the coming of the rain,
Unheralded it came, and went again.

I had been watching for a face
Which I might know along my daily way;
But as the wind goes, leaving not a trace,
It suddenly swept past me, like a day
Which dawns so full of sun, but cannot stay.

By all the tokens I had heard
I thought my heart would know it when it came.
But without pause, or sign, or passing word,
Like some sweet flower which never speaks its name,
It came and went away; who was to blame?

MARION MANVILLE.

AN OLD CLOCK.

By FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

IT was a bright, breezy June day, and in the big kitchen of a comfortable-looking house on the outskirts of the little town of Springvale a young girl in a purple calico dress, with her round arms bared to her shoulders, was churning.

She was tall, and rather slender, with a quiet, thoughtful face and earnest dark eyes; but there was nothing melancholy in either her appearance or manner; and, as she raised and let fall the dasher, she hummed the air of a hymn she and John Henderson had sung together in church the evening before. She was engaged to John, and he took her to prayer-meeting every Thursday evening, as a matter of course. It was only what was expected of every young man in Springvale under the same circumstances.

John and Prudence had been "keeping company," as the Springvale people termed it, for five years, and still there seemed no prospect of their marriage; for John's farm was old and overworked; he had no money to spend in enriching the soil, and he had his sister Thirza to support. But Prudence Dennison, being of a gentle, patient disposition, did not grumble or fret over the delay. She loved John with her whole heart, and thought him well worth any number of years of waiting.

Her mother did not agree with her in this. She was anything but patient and amiable about the matter. She thought Prudence could do better than marry John Henderson, and felt sure that there were many other young men in Springvale who would come forward as suitors if John would only take himself out of the way. She treated her daughter's lover very coldly in consequence, and made no secret of her dislike to him.

She was sitting by the kitchen-table, paring apples for pies while Prudence churned. She was an old woman with rusty gray hair, sharp blue eyes, and a thin, stooping figure. Prudence did not bear the slightest resemblance to her. She was "her father over again," the country people said. Neither Prudence nor her mother ever talked

much, and this morning the silence of the kitchen was unbroken for a long time, save by the loud ticking of the old clock in the hall, and the occasional snatches of a hymn which Prudence hummed softly to herself.

Mrs. Dennison was the first to speak.

"I expect John Henderson's told you 'bout that girl Miss Peck's took to board?" she said, as she rose and went into the pantry for some pie-pans.

"No," answered Prudence, pausing in her churning; "he didn't mention her. Who is she?"

"Dear knows!" said Mrs. Dennison. "Miss Peck's so close-mouthed, nobody kin get a word out'n her. 'Pears to me I'd ask John 'bout her if I was you. Miss Barker was tellin' me yestidday that he'd been up to see her 'most every day since she come. They say she's awful pretty, an' puts on lots of style. Seems strange John didn't say nothin' 'bout her. Miss Barker was sayin' as how it didn't look none too well for him to be runnin' up there so much. It'd be jes' like him to give you the go-by, now he's took a new fancy. Men are mighty unstable. You can't place no dependence on 'em, an' there's no denyin' you're gettin' on. You can't blame men for likin' what's young and pretty"; and Mrs. Dennison drew a long sigh as she walked slowly across the room to the stove, and deposited a pie in the capacious oven.

Prudence made no reply, and her face was hidden from her mother's gaze. She was bending over the churn, adjusting the lid, which she had lifted a moment before in order to see the condition of the butter.

Mrs. Dennison did not speak again. When the pies were all in the oven, she left Prudence to attend to them, and went up-stairs. Prudence presently heard her moving about in the room overhead.

The girl continued to churn steadily, but she did not sing any more; and there was a troubled look in her dark eyes now.

A shadow fell across the kitchen-floor, and, raising her head, Prudence saw a jauntily dressed man standing in the doorway. He wore a gray tweed suit and an enormous watch-chain, and the hand with which he was twisting the ends of a long, red mustache was adorned with an enormous amethyst ring.

"Good-morning," he said, with a low bow, and a smile which showed all his teeth. "I'm round after old clocks, and a woman living a little way back of here told me you had one. Want to sell it?"

"No," answered Prudence. "I wouldn't think for a moment of selling my clock. It belonged to my grandfather."

"Let me see it," said the stranger. "I'm interested in these old clocks. The folks in the large cities have taken a notion to 'em lately, an' I'm buying 'em up for a firm down in Harrisburg."

He entered the kitchen as he spoke, and Prudence, after a moment's hesitation, led the way into the hall.

The clock stood at one side of the hall-door. It was eight feet tall, with enormous wooden ornaments on the top resembling antlers, and a door half way down the case, that, when opened, disclosed two great iron weights on chain pulleys, and a big brass pendulum that swung slowly back and forth with a solemn "tick! tick!" that some people, alone in the house, would have found unbearable. But Prudence liked it. She was as fond of the old clock as if it had been a living thing, and had never thought of herself as an inmate of John's house without a mental vision of the old clock there, too.

"This would just suit a lady that's been after me for one," said the man, looking admiringly at the old-fashioned face of the clock, with its wreath of flowers encircling the lower part, and big, jolly-faced moon at the top. "Come, now, you'd better sell it. I'm willing to give you fifteen dollars for it."

Prudence shook her head.

"My grandfather left it to me when he died," she said, "and I can't sell it."

The man argued the matter with her for a little while, but finding her firm, finally went away.

That afternoon, when dinner was over and the house put in order, Prudence dressed herself in her best muslin gown and went out to take a walk. Her mother looked after her with some curiosity as she closed the gate behind her. It was Prudence's custom to sit down at her sewing when the work was done. She seldom went out except to attend to some necessary purchases, which were always discussed openly before she left. She had never before gone out without assigning some good reason for it.

"What I said 'bout that girl kinder stirred her up, I expect," commented Mrs. Dennison, who would have been greatly amazed had she known that it was for the purpose of seeing the girl in question, and judging for herself of her superior charms, that Prudence had gone out.

Her walk was not in vain. As she approached Mrs. Peck's house, she saw a lovely vision on the front porch—a tiny creature with a quantity of golden hair piled on top of her small head; a delicate, pale face, and a graceful figure arrayed in some soft, white material gathered in at the waist with a very broad cardinal sash.

Prudence did not doubt for a moment that this was Mrs. Peck's boarder, and her heart sank like lead in her breast. Was it any wonder that John admired this dainty creature? He would have been less than a man if he had not. And, oh, how different she looked from any girl Prudence had ever seen before!

Poor Prudence! Her life had been a very quiet, monotonous one, and she had never known the necessity for pretty dresses and gay ribbons. She had always bought only what was absolutely necessary in the way of personal raiment, and her selections had invariably been made with a view to durability and economy. She had never owned a sash in her life, nor a pair of slippers, and she

had worn her chestnut hair in the same quiet fashion for the past ten years.

She walked past the house very slowly, and kept straight down the street until she reached the open country. Then she sat down under a great tree in a secluded lane, and tried to think calmly over this new phase in her quiet life—a phase she had never dreamed would enter it.

It was almost dusk when she reached home, and she passed through the kitchen without speaking to her mother, who was setting the table for supper. As with a settled purpose, she entered the gloomy parlor on the right of the hall, and threw open the shutters. There was an old-fashioned mirror between the windows, and after a moment's hesitation she stepped before it and looked in. She stood motionless a long time, her dark eyes strangely troubled, her slim, brown hands clasped before her.

With a heavy sigh she turned away at last, and looked about her. Everything was the worse for wear, in spite of careful usage; for the parlor had been furnished when Mrs. Dennison had come to the house a bride, forty years before. On the mantel were the little china ornaments Prudence had received as birthday and Christmas gifts when a child.

"I'm getting on, as mother said. I can see that now. I never thought of it before. But a couple of new dresses, bright ribbons—those things count for a good deal with a man, I suppose. He don't know it, perhaps, but he is influenced by them."

Thus murmuring to herself, Prudence advanced to the windows to close the shutters, but paused as she saw the stranger with the red mustache standing outside.

"Come back to see if you had changed your mind about that clock," he said, with a familiar smile.

Prudence went into the hall, and unbolted the front door.

"Wait here a moment," she said to the man. "I want to speak to my mother."

She went into the kitchen, her eyes shining with a new light, her breath coming fast.

"Would you care if I sold the old clock, mother?" she asked. "There's a man here who will give me fifteen dollars for it."

"It's yours. Do as you please with it," answered Mrs. Dennison, who had never possessed a particle of sentiment. "But look out that he don't give you no counterfeit money."

Prudence gave a long sigh when she saw the old clock carried out of the hall, and put into the stranger's wagon; and that night she woke up half a dozen times with a sense of some great loss having fallen upon her. And, oh, how she missed the "tick-tick" of the solemn old pendulum!

But the next morning, as soon as her household duties were done, she went to the best store in the town and bought the material for a white dress, and four yards of broad sash ribbon of a rich cardinal hue.

When John called Monday evening he did not recognize the figure that came forward to meet him, and stared at it a moment in mute astonishment.

"Is this really you, Prue?" he asked. "Why, child, what have you been doing to yourself? I don't know you in this new gown."

"But don't you like me in it, John?" asked Prudence, with trembling lips.

John shook his head.

"It may do for some girls—that little one up at Mrs. Peck's, for instance," he said; "but I think little brown wrens better than butterflies, Prue."

Prudence had been in a morbid, miserable frame of mind for four long days, and was completely unstrung. As John ceased speaking she burst into tears, and then threw herself down on the old lounge, where she had sobbed herself to sleep many a time during her childhood.

John's arms were around her at once. He was startled and surprised by the sudden outburst, so unlike his quiet, gentle Prue, and it was a long time before he could win her to tell him the whole story. But he knew it all at last. Prue confessed even her jealousy of Mrs. Peck's boarder.

"You're a little goose," said John, when at length her tears were dried, and she was smiling again. "Mrs. Peck's boarder is my Cousin Sam's wife. They had a quarrel, and she ran away from him and came here to Mrs. Peck, who is her aunt. Sam wrote me all about it, and I've been trying to patch the matter up. It's been hard work, she's such a silly little thing—so unlike you, Prue—but I got her to promise that she will go back home to-morrow. And so you sold the old clock in order to buy a new dress and a red sash? Oh, Prue! Prue!"

"I see now how foolish I was," said Prudence, with a sigh. "But I thought—"

"I'll hear what you thought when I tell you my news," interrupted John. "It's the strangest thing! It seems that Thirza has been corresponding for several months with a gentleman she met at camp-meeting last Summer, and has decided to marry him."

"Really!" gasped Prudence.

"Yes; the wedding is to be in August, and I want you to come, dear, when she goes. Will you?"

When Prudence, after her quiet wedding, walked into the house which she and John were to share together henceforth, the first thing she saw was her grandfather's old clock standing in the hall, ticking as solemnly and regularly as if it had never been moved.

She turned to her husband, glad tears in her eyes, and a questioning look on her face. He put his arm around her, and drew her to his side.

"This is my wedding-gift to you, Prue," he said. "I hunted up that man with the red mustache the very day after I learned you had sold the clock, and bought it back."

"You couldn't have given me anything I would have prized more, dear John," said Prue.

But she never knew that the wedding-gift had been the one extravagance of his prudent life. He had paid seventy-five dollars for it; but no one ever knew it except himself and the man with the red mustache.

FERDINAND WARD AS A SECURITY.

FERDINAND WARD'S peculiar manipulation of other people's moneys and securities have brought him into a position where he may himself serve as a security—for the conviction, it is to be hoped, of the other financial strategists who plundered under his generalship. The ex-Napoleon of finance finds his St. Helena at the Sing Sing Prison, where he is known as Number 927, or sometimes jocosely as "Doctor." He has communicated some account of his miseries to the newspapers, through the mediumship of a friend. It appears that neither the exercise of shoveling ashes nor the distraction of grinding stove-covers has sufficed to give him appetite enough to enjoy the prison cuisine. Nor is the table service all that a fastidious taste could desire. At a quarter to seven o'clock A. M., the prisoners have to file before the cook, and receive the matutinal ration of hash on "greasy tin plates." There are grounds for complaint in the coffee; and the surveillance exercised over the spoons is calculated to convey an imputation against the guests' character for honesty. Our artist has sketched Number 927 in the act of handing over his utensils at the close of a meal. Mr. Ward's fellow-convicts advised him, when he joined them, to fall in meekly with all the rules and customs of the place. He should be further counseled that childish complaints about his food and daily tasks are not likely to be effective in awakening public sympathy on his behalf, especially as long as he finds nothing more serious to trouble his mind.

THE LATE JOHN McCULLOUGH.

TO have conquered fame, and to have swayed the deep emotions of multitudes, does not always imply the winning and preservation of that personal affection which holds the man dearer than the artist. But John McCullough was loved in equal measure that he was admired. The noblest Roman of these latter days did not keep for the mimic stage alone those chivalric traits which made him kin of the heroic men of old. He was ever the whole-souled friend, the genial comrade, the example of honor, and, if need were, the knightly defender of all who were privileged to come within the circle of his intimacy. The pitiful manner of his taking off bound the closer those ties which attached him to his friends and to the public; and it was natural that his funeral should be made impressive by unusual tributes of respect and sorrow.

John McCullough died at his home in Philadelphia, on Sunday, the 8th inst., and was temporarily entombed in the Monument Cemetery of that city on the Thursday following. The funeral services were held in St. George's Hall, and were attended by a vast crowd of people, including a majority of the distinguished men and women of the theatrical profession in this part of the United States. The Order of Elks sent delegations from every large city in the country. The offerings of flowers were extraordinarily rich, and in many instances wrought into designs of classic appropriateness. The combined orchestras of Philadelphia, led by Simon Hassler, furnished the music for the occasion. The Rev. Robert Hunter, of the Kensington Presbyterian Church, delivered a brief exhortation. The funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. John S. Macintosh, of the Second Presbyterian Church, after which a benediction was said. Mr. Harry Edwards, the well-known actor, then approached the bier, and standing beside his dead comrade, delivered an eulogium of such eloquence and pathos that the entire assemblage was profoundly moved. He recounted his professional experiences with McCullough in the old California days; alluded to the great tragedian's long and finally successful fight for recognition; and paid a glowing tribute to his noble qualities of mind and heart which went home to every one present. The body was then given in care of the Philadelphia Elks, and borne from the hall, the pall-bearers being William M. Connor, William Winter, Henry Edwards, James W. Collier, John A. Cockerill, Arthur Wallack, Matthew W. Canning, of Philadelphia, McCullough's first manager; William F. Johnson, William H. Thomson, of St. Louis; John B. Corson, of Chicago; William J. Florence and Joseph Jefferson.

Seldom has player received so grand a funeral; never was one more worthy of such.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE NEW LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

Mr. John Staples, the new Lord Mayor of London, has been for several years connected with the municipal affairs of the metropolis. First a member of the Common Council, he was in 1877 unanimously chosen as Alderman, and for a time served the office of Sheriff. He was at one time Chairman of the Sewers Commission, and is now a member of the Metropolitan Board of Works, Governor of the United Westminster Schools, Almoner of Christ's Hospital, and Chairman of the Visiting Justices of Holloway Prison. He was inducted into the Lord Mayoralty on the 9th inst., with the usual show, or celebration. The weather was fine, and dense crowds lined the sidewalks along the route of the procession. The chief attraction of the grand display made by the various ancient guilds was a number of wagons displaying old London workshops, in illustration of the ancient methods of working up gold and silver, and of other industries. Several novelties in the line also attracted considerable attention. The American Exchange in the Strand was decorated, and was filled with members of the American colony. A band on the balcony played American airs during the passage of the procession.

A BOYCOTTERS' COURT IN IRELAND.

The system of boycotting of landlords, which is conducted under the auspices of the Irish National League, is carried out upon the most complete scale. In some places, every person who in the slightest degree assists a proscribed person is himself brought under the ban of the League. The intimidation is so great, that many farmers find themselves wholly unable to carry on their ordinary operations, and as a result, their harvests have in some cases been almost entirely lost. Our illustration represents one of the boycotters'

courts, which was recently held in County Kilkeny, in a church situated on the property of a gentleman who had been denounced as an exacting landlord. The court was the committee of the local branch of the National League, and was summoned by the priest, who is president of the committee. The meeting, as announced from the altar, took place for convenience of members, after the last Mass, in the sacristy of the church. A contingent from Urlingford, a small town about two miles distant, was present to take part in the proceedings. This town supplies the majority of the members. Some of them are shopkeepers, and with them are poor-law guardians, the doctor, clerk and master of the union workhouse; the rest are some of the most influential farmers of the parish. When an offense has been committed against the rules of the League, such as occupying a farm from which a tenant has been evicted, supplying provisions to "emergency men," or dealing with boycotted parties, a member gives notice, and the offending party is summoned before the court. Witnesses are also summoned, and the case proceeds as in an ordinary court of justice. Since the expiration of the "Crimes Act," the police are not allowed to enter into the room during these trials, but are always in the vicinity by orders of their commanding officers.

THE ROUMELIAN REVOLUTION.

The recent flurry of excitement caused by the rumor that Servian troops had actually crossed the frontier into Bulgaria stirred the Turkish troops into considerable animation. Our picture shows a battalion of the Nizam, or Standing Army, on the march. The entire strength of the Turkish army, as lately massed, is believed to be nearly 150,000 men of all arms, with 222 guns. Perhaps two-thirds of this number are massed about Adrianople and Uskub, in comfortable quarters, which they are likely to retain for the present, at least, while the Balkan Conference continues its deliberations.

THE RECENT ROYAL MARRIAGE.

We give an illustration showing the newly married royal pair, Prince Waldemar of Denmark and Princess Marie d'Orleans, whose wedding was celebrated last month at the Comte de Paris's historic castle at En. The King of Denmark was not present, but the Queen of Denmark and the Prince and Princess of Wales attended the festivities, together with some forty Princes and Princesses of royal blood. The Castle of En dates back to the time of William the Conqueror, who was first visited there by his rival Harold, where also Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort twice received the hospitality of Louis Philippe—once in 1842, and again two years later, when the Queen and Prince were returning from a Rhine tour.

THE INVASION OF BURMAH.

King Thebaw has issued a proclamation declaring that he will not accept the absurd proposals of the Indian Government, and therefore declaring war. He promises personally to lead his troops, and calls upon his subjects to fight for the defense of their country and religion. The British evidently anticipated this reply, and have moved promptly against the defiant King. The army of invasion numbers about 10,000 men, with about 7,000 camp-followers. The first engagement will probably occur when the British flotilla bombards the Mintha forts. Under the command of General Prendergast, the army is advancing in three brigades, the naval brigade manning the Government river steamer *Irrawaddy*, armed with twenty-pounders and machine guns, ten steam-launches and other iron-plated river vessels, the British war-ships drawing too much water to pass up the river. The sailors are from H. M. S.'s *Woodlark*, *Bacchante*, *Turquoise*, and other ships of the East Indian Squadron, under Admiral Sir Frederick Roberts. Mandalay, the present capital of Burma, of which we give an illustration, is built on a site which, twenty-five or thirty years ago, was a mere jungle. The city is inclosed by a square brick wall, twenty-six feet high, crenelated at the top. Twelve gates pierce the wall, and from these macadamized roads a hundred feet broad intersect the city. The number of houses inside the walls is supposed to be about 13,000, and the population is estimated at about 80,000. Within the city walls are the King's palace and gardens, the treasury, arsenal, powder-magazine and mint. The houses, as a rule, are mere huts, raised on posts five or eight feet high, and made of bamboo, with thatch of leaves; but there are some houses, particularly those of the Chinese, in which masonry is employed. In many respects Mandalay is superior to most Indo-Chinese cities. Late advices state that the Burmese have detained the steamer *Dootoon*, which was sent to Mandalay to bring away Europeans, and threaten to burn her if she attempts to depart. The foreigners are not allowed to leave Mandalay.

THE POPE'S ENCYCLICAL LETTER.

A NEW YORK *Herald* correspondent furnishes to that paper an abstract of the Pope's recent encyclical letter, which is said to have been amended and re-written no less than twenty-one times during the last eighteen months. It is entitled "De Civitatum Gubernatione Christiana," and is dated All Saints' Day, November 1st. The final proof-sheets are in Latin, and comprise thirty-eight pages of closely printed type and bear marginal corrections in the Pope's own handwriting. The following are literal translations from the Latin of some important passages: "It is a calumny to suppose the Church is incompatible with the principles of modern civil government and society as now constituted. Man cannot exist without society; this requires authority, and all true authority comes directly from God. The participation of the people in States' Government should not be blamed, but encouraged. The Church is not the enemy but the friend of all lawful and legitimate liberty. If the Church holds that various sects of Christians cannot be tolerated on a footing of equality with the true religion, she does not go so far as to blame governments for permitting such sects to have influence in governing, provided those forming the government seek to attain some good object or to avoid misfortune.

"The Church is tolerant, for, according to St. Augustine, restraint can obtain everything from man except faith.

"The Church warmly patronizes all true liberty, and especially the liberty of nations and individuals against despotism.

"The Church accepts most cordially all that contributes to the prosperity of mortal life and encourages all researches of human brain.

"The Church will always accept with joy all that contributes to the conquests of science, particularly of natural science.

"The Church encourages all modern discoveries and inventions, and countenances pleasure in all modern progress and devices that have for their object to adorn life or make it more comfortable.

"The Church encourages all arts and all honest industries.

"We thus proclaim freely and openly the truth, not with any ulterior design of profit from the actual political situation, but because we wish to see public affairs follow less perilous channels and repose on a more solid basis.

"The Church is in perfect harmony with all modern progress, and leaves intact the legitimate liberty of the people. Every Catholic should rigidly adhere to the teachings of the Roman pontiffs, especially in the matter of modern liberty, which already, under the semblance of honesty of purpose, leads to error and destruction.

"We exhort all Catholics who would devote careful attention to public matters to take an active part in all municipal affairs and elections, and to further the principles of the Church in all public services, meetings, and gatherings. All Catholics must make themselves felt as active elements in daily political life in the country where they live. They must penetrate wherever possible in the administration of civil affairs; must constantly exert the utmost vigilance and energy to prevent the usages of liberty from going beyond the limits fixed by God's law. All Catholics should do all in their power to cause the Constitutions of States and legislation to be modeled in the principles of the true Church. All Catholic writers and journalists should never lose for an instant from view the above prescriptions. All Catholics should redouble their submission to authority, and unite their whole heart, soul, body and mind in the defense of the Church and Christian wisdom."

HEBREW POPULATION OF THE WORLD.

THE "Bulletin of the Geographical Society of Marseilles" estimates the total number of Jews in the world at 6,377,602—that is, 5,407,602 in Europe, 245,000 in Asia, 413,000 in Africa, 300,000 in America and 12,000 in Oceania. The European Jews are distributed as follows: 1,643,708 in Austria-Hungary, 561,612 in Germany, 60,000 in Great Britain, 3,000 in Belgium, 3,946 in Denmark, 1,900 in Spain, 70,000 in France, 2,652 in Greece, 7,373 in Switzerland, 8,693 in Holland, 36,289 in Italy, 600 in Luxembourg, 200 in Portugal, 260,000 in Roumania, 2,552,145 in Russia, 3,492 in Serbia, 3,000 in Sweden and Norway, and 116,000 in European Turkey. There are about 150,000 in the Asiatic provinces of Turkey, 15,000 in Persia, 47,000 in Asiatic Russia, in India and China 19,000, and 14,000 in Turkestan and Afghanistan. In Africa, there are about 35,000 in Algeria, 100,000 in Morocco, 65,000 in Tunis, 6,000 in Tripoli, 200,000 in Abyssinia, 8,000 in Egypt, 8,000 scattered over the Desert, and about 1,000 at the Cape of Good Hope.

AN ECLIPSE OF THE MOON AS SEEN IN EGYPT.

A WRITER in *Cassell's Magazine* says: "To convey anything like an adequate idea of the effect of an eclipse on different minds, we can scarcely do better than describe the eclipse witnessed in Egypt in 1882. On the banks of the Nile, about one mile north of the town of Solhag, a large concourse of spectators was assembled to witness the forthcoming spectacle. A small party of these spectators were gathered around a number of instruments, doubly protected from the injurious sand-winds by stockades of rushes and by tents. A space extending about three hundred yards, and inclosed on each side by the Nile and the outskirts of a grove of acacia-trees, scarcely two hundred yards away, was guarded by a body of Egyptian soldiery. Protection was only wanted from incursions of the curious; but had the natives been less informed of what was to take place, Egyptian soldiery, only a little less cowardly than the fellahs, would have been small protection against any fanatical outbreak. The river was lined with steamers, dahabeahs, and smaller craft, while to the south of the encampment, on the sloping bank, were gathered a large concourse of the inhabitants of the neighboring villages, squatting on the sand in their peculiar Eastern fashion. The eclipse began and made some progress before the unscientific spectators noticed that the sun was fast disappearing, but when they became aware of it, they gave vent to their feelings by a low moaning, the sound increasing in volume as the moon passed on. The alarm now spread to the feathered spectators, who, becoming at last cognizant of the rapidly waning light, rushed cackling hither and thither into steamboat or into observatory, and in search of a place in which to roost. At last a thin streak of light was left; it disappeared, and there was a sudden change from weak daylight to a dull violet, which threw on the neighboring scenery a weird, ghastly hue. At this moment a sudden shout arose from the crowd—a shout unheeded, scarcely heard, by the astronomers, who suppressed their excitement and endeavored to make the most of the seventy seconds during which totality was to last. And yet even they were taken off their guard, for alongside the brilliant corona was seen a small but vivid scimitar-shaped comet—a stranger unexpected and never afterwards traced. Little wonder, then, if the regulation forbidding speech was for a moment disregarded. The short seventy seconds were soon over, the last observation made, and while one set of spectators were raising their thanks to Allah, the other had laid aside their calm reserve to join in mutual congratulations.

FOX GRAPES IN THE ALLEGHANIES.

THE mountaineers who inhabit the wooded ranges of the Alleghanies have to trust entirely to Nature to supply them spontaneously with means of subsistence the year round, for in few places is the soil fit for cultivation. One of the main supports of these poor people is the manufacture of grape jelly. It is made from the fox grapes that grow wild. This season they have been found in great abundance, and have brought considerable revenue to these isolated homes. The jelly is sold to the merchants at the crossroads stores, who pay fifteen cents a pound "in trade" for it. The merchants then send it to the cities and reap a handsome profit out of it. There are two kinds of these grapes. One kind makes a jelly of a dark-blue color, while the other makes a pale, clear-green jelly. It is pronounced by good livers and epicures to be fully equal to the Scotch jams and jellies that sell in this country for twenty-five cents a pound.

Starvation never stares the mountaineers in the face. They gather in the summer a rich harvest

of sumac that grows at their doors. While the men are gathering the sumac, the women pick berries for sale. First of all in the Spring come the wild strawberries, then blackberries, dewberries and huckleberries. Through the Winter, when the streams and roads are not impassable, the men take bundles of resinous pine-knots to the stores, which they dispose of for kindling.

FACTS OF INTEREST.

THE London Home for Lost Dogs furnishes shelter to 1,000 wandering animals every week.

In the month of October, 831 new houses were erected in Philadelphia, including fourteen factories and five churches.

THE total Prohibition vote in the State of New York at the recent election was about 28,500, an increase of 4,000 over last year.

ACCORDING to a recent census, the population of Wisconsin is 1,563,423, as follows: white males, 806,342; white females, 748,810; negroes, 5,576; Indians, 2,695.

DURING the year ending on the 30th of June last, 294,013 immigrants arrived at the Port of New York, and 1,183 were returned to the country whence they came.

ADVICES from Peking state that the Chinese Government desires Great Britain to annex Burmah, and promises to co-operate with England in opening the country to foreign trade.

A PARTY of wealthy gentlemen, who conducted to a financial success a musical festival in Chicago one year ago, have had plans drawn for an opera-house which will cost in its building somewhat more than \$1,000,000.

METHODIST conferences in Wisconsin have declared their belief that Christian men ought not to raise or sell tobacco. Thirty thousand acres of the plant were under cultivation in the State this year, and much comment has been roused.

THE ancient little house in Savoy known as "Les Charmettes," in which the best days of Rousseau were passed, is about to be greatly altered, the landlord having determined to convert it into a modern mansion. Heretofore the house has been preserved as a relic. A little money would probably save it now.

A MOVEMENT of great importance is being quietly organized among the various societies of Irish workmen. It is proposed to form a vast federation, comprising all the representatives of organized labor in Ireland, for the sole purpose of keeping out of that country all goods of British manufacture with the exception of such articles as Ireland is unable to produce.

THE usual exodus of Chinese from California to attend New Year's festivities in their native land has been going on for months, and it is estimated that each of four steamers carried 1,000 coolies. Most of these take out return certificates whether they intend to come back or not. The majority, however, return, as their visits rarely extend beyond a few months. This year, it is said, the visitors to China largely exceed the average.

A SCOTCH colony is about to be established in Florida by Mr. J. S. Tait. The first installment of fifty families will sail from Glasgow on the 26th. Each of these has from \$700 to \$20,000. The lands to which they go are already secured. Fifty other families, who are also owners of Florida property, are ready to follow as soon as the former have developed a colony. Mr. Tait expects to move fully 1,000 Scotch families during the next few years.

ARGENTINE is the only country in South America where the photographers are not permitted to sell pictures of local beauties. In Chili, Peru, Uruguay and other countries you can find photographs of society belles on sale at all the news stands and picture stores, like those of actresses with us, and the measure of a girl's popularity is estimated by the number sold; but in Argentine no photographer dare let a print of one of his clients go out of his hands.

THE New Orleans *Times-Democrat* says that many artesian wells have been sunk in that city and other parts of the South during this year. Good water is usually obtained in large supply at a depth of 400 to 500 feet. The only notable failure is in the City of Atlanta, where a well has been put down 2,000 feet and abandoned without obtaining water in sufficient quantity or of desired quality. In New Orleans, where the supply of potable water was insufficient, the artesian wells are a source of great public convenience and comfort.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

NOVEMBER 8TH.—In Philadelphia, John McCullough, aged 53 years; in New York, ex-Judge Albert Cardozo, aged 57 years; in Paterson, N. J., George L. Broomhall, silk manufacturer; in Clifton, O., the Rev. W. J. Halley, Vicar-general for Archbishop Elder of Cincinnati; in Portsmouth, N. H., Lieutenant-commander Charles M. Anthony, U. S. N., aged 50 years; in Newport, R. I., Mrs. Sophia Thorndike, well-known in social and literary circles; in Kingston, N. Y., General Joseph S. Smith, a prominent politician and temperance advocate, aged 86 years; in Philadelphia, Brigadier-general E. Wallace Matthews, aged 50 years. NOVEMBER 9TH.—In Jamaica, L. I., Dr. Samuel N. Marsh, a well-known manufacturer of surgical instruments, etc., aged 79 years; in Goshen, N. Y., Ambrose S. Murray, for twenty years President of the Orange County National Bank, aged 78 years. NOVEMBER 10TH.—In Painesville, O., Eber D. Howe, a veteran of the War of 1812, and founder of the *Cleveland Herald* and the *Painesville Telegraph*, aged 88 years; in England, Dr. William Benjamin Carpenter, LL. D., F. R. S., the eminent physiologist and medical writer. NOVEMBER 11TH.—In New York, Charles J. Osborne, a prominent member of the New York Stock Exchange, aged 46 years; in Kittrell, N. C., Benjamin L. De Forest, formerly a well-known New York broker; in Boston, R. M. Pomeroy, well-known in railroad enterprises, etc., aged 70 years; in Hartford, Conn., Dr. John M. Riggs, eminent dental surgeon, aged 75 years; in Covington, Ky., Captain Vincent Shinkle, prominent business and steamboat-man; in Pittsburgh, Pa., Stewart McKee, millionaire glass manufacturer, aged 40 years; in Lebanon, O., the Rev. J. J. Hill, an old minister of the M. E. Church in Ohio, aged 80 years. NOVEMBER 12TH.—At High Point, N. C., Dr. J. L. Craven, a prominent physician. NOVEMBER 13TH.—In San Francisco, Cal., ex-Senator William Sharon of Nevada, aged 63 years; in Washington, D. C., Henry Hobart Nichols, a well-known engraver, aged 48 years; in Philadelphia, Horace ("Squire") Smith, famous in sporting circles, aged 80 years.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE grave of Beaconsfield has been allowed to fall into a most dilapidated condition.

MR. JAMES A. BAYARD, son of Secretary Bayard, has been appointed Secretary of the Territory of Arizona.

MOUKTAR PASHA has been appointed as Turkish Commissioner to Egypt, greatly to the satisfaction of the Egyptian people.

MME. NILSSON has created a *furor* among the critical music-loving public of Berlin, where she has appeared in a series of concerts.

THE President has appointed Leverett Saltonstall as Collector of Customs at Boston. Mr. S. has been prominent in Massachusetts politics for several years past.

GENERAL DON CARLOS BUELL, well known during the War of the Rebellion as Commander of the Army of the Ohio, has been appointed Pension Agent at Louisville, Ky.

THE Thanksgiving Proclamation of Governor Hoadly of Ohio makes no mention of the Supreme Being. He says he "has no right to command the people of the State to worship God on a certain day."

SAMUEL J. TILDEN, JR., "the nephew of his uncle," has been appointed Collector of Internal Revenue for the Fifteenth District of New York. He has always taken an active interest in politics. His predecessor was also "an offensive partisan."

GOVERNOR HILL of New York is paying his political debts. He has just appointed Alton B. Parker, of Kingston, chairman of the present Democratic State Executive Committee, as Justice of the Supreme Court, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Judge Westbrook.

DANIEL MCSWEENEY, the Irish "suspect," who loomed up in the last Presidential campaign, and has since haunted the Administration for reward, has at last received an inspectorship in the San Francisco Custom House, worth \$1,800 a year. This place was created for him, but does not by any means come up to his ideas of what he ought to have had.

By the will of the late John P. Howard, of Burlington, Vt., about \$500,000 is bequeathed to his sisters, nieces and friends, and of the residue of the estate, valued at \$1,000,000, one-half is to be divided between the Association for the Relief of Respectable Aged and Indigent Females, in New York; the New York Society for the Relief of Ruptured and Crippled Persons, St. Luke's Hospital, New York; New York Juvenile Asylum, Children's Aid Society, the New York Orphan Asylum, and one or two other charities.

DENNIS KEARNEY has emerged from his long obscurity, and is once more preaching a crusade against the Chinese. The old Sand Lot leader warns his followers that the only way to effect anything against the coolie is to keep the movement free from politics. He denounces Coroner O'Donnell, his successor as the hoodlum leader, as a crazy crank, who was eaten up with political ambition. The contest between these two artists in billingsgate promises to add to the list of regular Winter amusements in the Pacific capital.

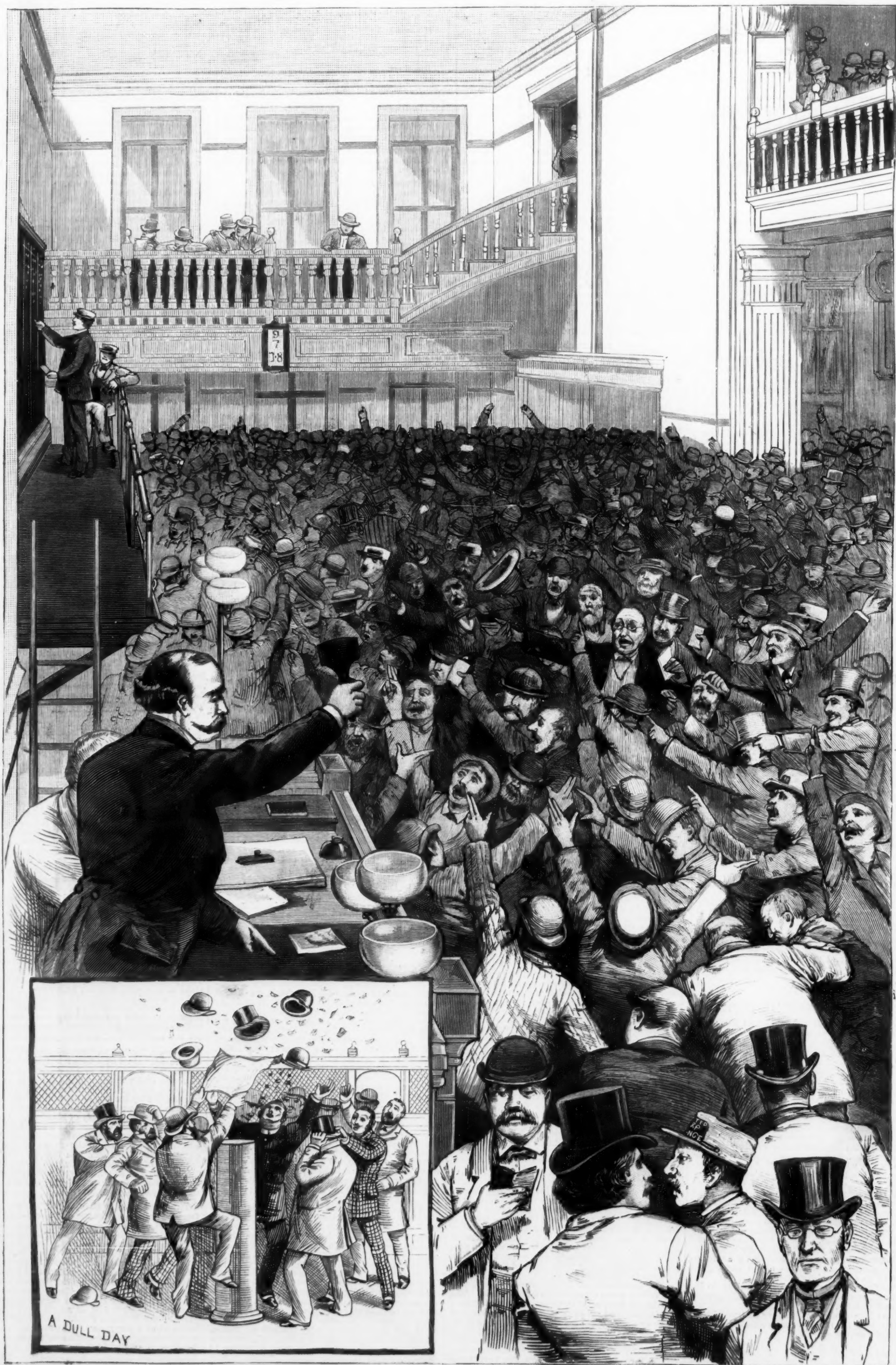
LIEUTENANT GREELY, who is now in Edinburgh for the purpose of lecturing before the Scotch Geographical Society, advises the English, if they undertake another Polar Expedition, to send it by the way of Franz-Josef Land, which route, he says, is the only one that can be pursued with any reasonable chance of reaching higher latitudes than those already attained. He expresses himself as doubtful that the North Pole will ever be reached by explorers, because the region in which it is located is a land covered with ice 3,000 feet thick, and constantly changing in form.

SAMUEL J. TILDEN is building one of the largest and most complete conservatories in the country on his premises at Greystone, N. Y. It will be supplied with all kinds of fruit, so that they may be plucked the year round. The conservatory is built in sections, and will be so arranged that when the fruit of one section is used the next section will be ready. When finished the grounds will be thrown open to the public, who will be allowed to visit the conservatory under direction of Mr. Tilden's manager. This immense hothouse stands on the east bank of the Hudson River, about 500 feet above the level of the stream.

JUDGE GEORGE W. WARD, a well-known Virginian, voted at long range in the recent election. Being disabled by injuries received from an assault by a political antagonist, he was confined to his rooms in the third story of a building in Lynchburg. The voting-place was nearly one hundred yards away, on the opposite side of the street. The judge had himself placed at a window in sight of the polls, tied his ballot to a key, which slid on a string of sufficient length to be attached to the ballot-box. The crier recognized him, cried his vote, and the ballot was deposited in the box. This achievement is worthy of being handed down for the emulation of coming generations.

GENERAL MCLELLAN's will leaves all his property to his wife, to go to his children after her death. He bequeaths to his son all the swords, uniforms and military effects used by him in battle or on the field, with the request that they be transmitted by the son at his death to his sons, if he have any, but if he dies leaving no son, they shall become the property of his sister. All other swords and military equipments, with the exception of the sword presented by the City of Philadelphia, which is bequeathed to the daughter, are to be equally divided between the two children after the death of the wife. William C. Prime, of New York, is named as "literary executor," with authority to make such use of the general's papers as he may deem best.

THREE members of the Cabinet, Messrs. Lamar, Garland and Vilas, will not do any entertaining of a general character during the coming Winter. Mr. Garland refuses all kinds of invitations. He makes no calls and receives none, except of a business character. He has a perfect horror of dinners. It is one of his boasts that he never had a dress-coat on in his life. His mother has charge of his house, and will doubtless see people on the regular Cabinet reception-days; but she never accepts invitations any more than her son. Mr. Lamar occupies a suit of rooms upon the sixth floor of the Portland Flats. He is fond of going out, and is a great favorite at the numerous dinner parties given during the season. He is living, however, in modest bachelor quarters, and will do little beyond giving an occasional dinner to some of his friends. Mr. Vilas is keeping house with his family on M Street. Their house is not large, but they will probably entertain in a moderate way.



NEW YORK.—THE CONSOLIDATED STOCK AND PETROLEUM EXCHANGE—A "BOOM" IN OIL.

FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 213.



THE LATE JOHN McCULLOUGH.—HARRY EDWARDS DELIVERING THE FUNERAL ORATION OVER THE REMAINS,
AT ST. GEORGE'S HALL, PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 12TH.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 214.

A Husband of the Period; OR, A Modern Mormon.

By REBECCA FORBES STURGIS,
Author of "A Miserable Mistake," "A Terrible Crime," "The Mormon Wife," "His Enemy's Daughter," "Adam Talmage's Wife," etc.

CHAPTER XI.—(CONTINUED).

It was a very uncomfortable meal. The Elder carried on all the conversation. Vee's evident indignation did not reassure Philip, and his most difficult task was still before him; namely, to inform her that he was married—that a second wife's place in his household awaited her.

"I have still a few words I would like to say to Miss Estervelt," Philip observed, rising from the table and accompanying Vee to her apartment. The moment the door closed behind them, Vee caught his hand and looked up into his face.

"Philip, my Philip! tell me truly, do you believe in this terrible doctrine?"

"I do," he responded, tremulously; and then, taking her two hands in his, looked tenderly into her eyes, adding, "If I did not, my darling, I could not have sent for you!"

She wrenched her hands from his clasp, and with a low cry threw herself down on a stool.

"You are married! You were a married man when you sought me in the old garden! And you have brought me, a helpless, ignorant girl, into this place, from which there is no escape!"

For the first time proud, high-spirited Verona dropped her handsome head in absolute despair. The sight thrilled Philip as no sight had ever thrilled him before.

"Wait, my dear love, and don't judge me too harshly," he pleaded. "I have much to tell you in justification of my seeming falseness. My love, did I not tell you that if I sinned you must forgive, for it was you who led me on?"

In hot, passionate words, he told her of his engagement to Muriel, and how, after he had met her, he wanted to break it, but poverty drove him on.

"I could not give up the wealth, Vee! I could not take upon myself the task of asking you to share a life of grinding poverty. Here, in this Valley, men married more than one wife, and were happy. I could not give you up, my love. I came here; I found that it was right, lawful, and that all accounts of their terrible wrong-doing were false. I then determined to send for you, trusting that your great love would forgive me if I had erred! And, Vee, if you cannot love me well enough, you are not in danger or forsaken! I will shield you with my life if need be! I will take you far away from the Valley, and find you a safe home."

The girl shook; for the time being the fierce blood in her veins was chilled. She was almost too dazed to think. Her unreasoning love for the handsome traitor before her was at war with the purity within. The new religion had appealed strongly to her imaginative mind and made a true convert of her; but this was something she had never anticipated, something monstrous, revolting. And yet—if God had ordered it—and Philip had sacrificed so much for her!

She was wavering, but not convinced.

"You have no word to say to me?" he pleaded.

"Not to-night," she replied, slowly, brokenly. "I must have time to think."

Philip arose, and held out his hand.

"I will leave you to rest, my wronged child, and if you can think not too bitterly of me—"

She caught his hand and let her tears drop on it.

"Good-night," she murmured, faintly, and he was gone.

Elder Smith awaited him at the door. There was a triumphant light in Philip Gay's eye.

"She was shocked, indignant, but she will acquiesce," he said, in a low tone. "I have left her to consider the matter."

And now, when the night-air smote on Philip's cheek with a cooling balm, and he neared home, his thoughts turned to the outraged wife, who was yet to know how terribly deceived she had been.

The love he entertained for Verona hardened his heart to all thoughts of his wife, but he determined not to mention the affair to her until he had seen the former a second time. He found Muriel awaiting him. Since he had made his profession of faith a gulf had seemed to lie between them, which Muriel had tried in vain to bridge. She had never given the plural-wife doctrine a place in her mind as holding any connection with Philip's conversion. She laid all the blame to his inordinate ambition which she had so unwisely assisted in fostering, and so had known no jealousy.

"Up yet?" he said, upon coming in. "I expected you would retire."

"It seemed so lonely without you, I would rather wait until you came in," she responded, pleasantly.

She gazed at him in mute surprise, but made no comment. Had he been drinking? His face was flushed, and his eyes were bloodshot.

He sat down by the fire a few moments, and cast stealthy glances at his wife. It was a most singular thing, but it always enraged him that she appeared so charming when he was meditating so great a crime against her. He could not analyze the emotion; he only was aware that it was real.

At an early hour the following morning Philip paid a visit to the false Prophet. He rubbed his hands, and smiled blandly on his caller. The Apostle had told him of Philip's trouble in winning the girl to his view.

"You will be successful, Brother Gay," he observed, in a vivacious tone. "As you know, game that don't come too easy is always the most appreciated. There is to be a ceremony at the Endow-

ment House to-morrow night, and if you are ready you shall have a special dispensation."

Philip thanked him cordially. He should be ready if it depended on him.

"I will go and call on Verona," he mused; "and then have it out with Muriel. There is no sense in dodging the affair longer! It only distracts my mind, and disturbs my sleep."

Philip Gay and his comfort were to be considered first, last, and all the time. He possessed the special qualities that go towards making a perfect Latter-day Saint. He was chagrined by the reception he met from his handsome Verona. She did not rush into his arms, as on former occasions, and he noted that the flush had died from her cheek. He was vexed with her; for perversity, nothing equaled a woman. You never could be sure of them. However, he only looked at her with a sadness in his beautiful eyes—the eyes which had won at least two women to their ruin.

"Still unforgiven!" he ejaculated. "I will not complain; and yet I do not think I deserve such coldness from you, my love! I have not willingly injured you. I will do all in my power to repay you, and undo the past."

"Oh, Philip, I have loved you so well! All my life I never had a friend before; and yet how can I become that which you ask me?"

"I will not ask you again," he returned. "If you cannot reconcile it to your conscience, I would not have you desecrate the house of the Lord with false vows. I am going to my home now, to tell my wife what I have proposed. I dare not keep the truth hidden longer, and if she leaves and makes my life desolate, I will only bow to fate."

Before she could make a response he was gone.

A few moments later one of the Elder's wives came in, and expounded to her the law of the Prophet, assuring her that persistence in the course she had chosen would work her eternal ruin.

Philip hurried home, striding into the house like a man bent upon evil.

Muriel sat by the window, sewing, a shadow on her fair brow, which was quickly dispelled by a smile when he entered. No matter how acutely she suffered, she would conceal it from her husband.

He stepped to her side.

"Muriel, do you still persist in not embracing my faith?" he asked, abruptly.

She dropped her work in her lap.

"Philip, how can you ask me to embrace it?" she queried. "And why should it trouble you if I do not? Am I not just as good a wife? Is not your home as pleasant?"

"No!" he responded, firmly. "A man does not want even religious belief to come between him and his own. I have joined the band of believers—I shall be faithful to my vows in every respect. To-morrow night I shall be sealed to another wife."

"Philip!"

She sprang from her chair and recoiled from him as though he had dealt her a deadly blow.

"Philip!"

"And you must go the Endowment House and give her to me," he continued.

"Never, Philip, never!" she almost shrieked.

"Philip, my dear husband, you cannot meditate this great crime against me? You are suffering with a species of madness; you are not yourself. Tell me, Philip—it was only a jest?"

"I am in deadly earnest," he replied, grimly, "and your future position in my household depends on your present attitude. You must either go there, give the girl to me, or be considered a second wife. Our Gentile marriage is not considered legal, and your child will be illegitimate!"

She threw up her hands in anguish.

"Spare your child, Philip, though you ruin me?"

"That rests with you. I have nothing to do with it. Think it over, and let me know."

How long she sat in that attitude she could not tell. Her only lucid thought was that Philip had wronged her—that she was a deserted wife.

After a time she wondered where the girl could be that was to usurp her place in Philip's heart and in Philip's home.

Then she remembered that the Apostle Smith had sent one of his boys with the note to her the day before. In this house she would find information. Yet she could not bring herself to go there and inquire. She would wait till Philip returned, and make one more appeal to him; his manhood surely could not all be dead within his breast.

The hours dragged along slowly; and such hours of intense agony as but few ever experience. She could not understand how Philip came to be so blinded; for blindness she still persisted in believing it.

Darkness had fallen, the dinner-hour had passed, but Philip came not. Like a flame, all her jealous passion sprang into life. He was with the woman he meant to marry! She would remain quiet no longer! She would see the woman who would so infamously steal her husband from her.

Springing to her feet, she caught up a large shawl, cast it around her head and over her shoulders, and passed out into the street. The Apostle's home was not far away; no one would notice her going thither.

Nearing the place, she met the lad who had brought the note.

"Can you tell me where I can find Mr. Gay?" she questioned.

The boy grinned. He was used to having "pa" bringing home a new wife, and remembered that it always made a "fuss" in the family.

"Yes'm. He's right in there with that Estervelt girl pa brought home."

Muriel saw the light in the room he indicated, and, without waiting to knock, she opened the door and walked in unceremoniously. Philip sat

beside Vee, holding her hand in his and talking earnestly. As yet she had remained obdurate to all entreaties.

As Muriel entered, Philip sprang to his feet guiltily, exclaiming:

"Muriel!"

The shawl fell from her shoulders to the floor, and, while the hot, jealous blood surged through every vein, she gazed from her husband to Verona and back.

"I find you here, Philip!" she cried, her voice shaking with emotion. "And is this the girl who has stolen you away from me?"

Verona rose quickly. This beautiful woman was Philip's wife—true, lawful wife! And she was beautiful—the most beautiful woman she had ever seen: where were Philip's eyes? Who could prefer her dark face while that waxen angel was near? Such golden hair; such April eyes, rivaling the blue of Italy's skies! Philip must love her; and at that all the hot, jealous, passionate hatred that her uncurbed temperament was capable of asserted itself. She hated this fair woman whose money had won Philip from her!—this woman standing there and declaring that she was a thief! Oh, if she only dared to strike her dead! Marry Philip? Yes! Give him up to this Madonna to wheedle into forgetfulness of herself? Never! never!

"I have not stolen him!" she almost shrieked, so furious had her temper grown; and her eyes shone like the eyes of a tigress as she glared at the wronged wife. "It was your wealth that stole his name, but never his heart, from me!"

The flush died from Muriel's cheek. What was there in this angry woman's words to convince her that she spoke the truth? God knows! but as a flash came the knowledge to her heart that this was no sudden infatuation.

She made no response to the girl; she turned to Philip.

"Does she speak the truth?" she demanded.

"When did you meet her?"

Philip quailed before her suppressed passion.

"While I was in England," he returned, sullenly.

"And yet you dared to come back and marry me?" she questioned, in a quivering voice. "You dared to lure me to this den of iniquity to carry out your nefarious plans?—and now pretend that the Almighty has called on your conscience to take this woman, for whom you have sold your soul, as a wife! Are you not afraid a curse will fall upon your head?"

"You are excited, Muriel. Do be calm," he interposed.

"Excited! Did you not know, Philip?"—and here her voice instinctively softened—"that if, when you came back, you had told me that this girl had won you away, that poverty had deterred you from taking her, that I loved you well enough to have given you up and shared my fortune with you?"

Verona shook with rage; she was transformed into a fury. She longed to fly at this woman, who never addressed her, but stood there, with the countenance of a saint, looking up into Philip's face. Philip gazed uneasily from one to the other. He had not anticipated this scene. He wished Verona had not mentioned Muriel's money. He intended to urge the tenets of the Church as an excuse for his conduct, and now that plea was thrown to the winds.

Then she turned quickly to Verona.

"You are a stranger," she said, pleadingly.

"You are not yet guilty of a crime. If you love him, save him! Take back your consent; do not become a polygamous wife. God may be good to me—I may not stand in your way long!"

At these words, Verona stepped forward, clasping Philip's hand.

"Give him up? Never! never!"

Muriel made no response; her head sank on her breast; she raised her hand to push back the soft golden locks from her forehead, like one dazed.

Her passion had spent itself. To fight longer was as one vainly fighting against the elements. There was nothing to appeal to; their honor was dead; the law sanctioned their meditated crime. God and man were against her!

She turned to the door. Philip wrenched his hand from his newly affianced, saying:

"Her shawl, Verona! She will perish!"

Verona! The name fell on her ears and penetrated to her benumbed brain. Verona! It was the name he had muttered so often in his sleep—the name she had questioned him about. How blind she had been; but it mattered nothing now. She passed out into the silent street, a spectre almost as white as the snow under her feet.

Philip passed out after her. He could not see her go that distance alone; but he did not address her, nor yet was he sure that she was aware of his presence. She entered her own door, went to her chamber, turned the key in the lock; and then Philip retraced his steps. He had lost one wife, but he had gained another; Verona had said she would be his!

He found this new love weeping bitterly. Oh, she was so madly jealous! All the angelic part of woman had perished in her breast. Henceforth she would always be "of the earth, earthy," and Philip Gay was to blame.

He was white and troubled, but Vee's tears melted him as his wife's could not.

"In tears, my love, my very own?" he whispered.

She clasped her arms around his neck.

"You will love that woman best!" she cried, hysterically.

The contemptuous "that woman" stung even his stained conscience.

"My dearest; that woman, as you term her, has done nothing wrong; she only objects to my taking you, as you would object to my taking her if you were in her place. If I had not loved you best, would I have planned and schemed, and broken her heart, to gain yours?"

That was an unanswerable argument. Peace was restored.

The next morning Muriel did not appear at the breakfast-table. The servants, knowing nothing of the impending change in the household, were alarmed—she must be sick. But Philip swallowed his coffee in moody silence. He would be glad when this infernal fuss was over, and the two women fell into their respective places as obedient Mormon women were supposed to do. He admired Brigham's wisdom in giving him a special dispensation that the affair might be got over quickly.

"I will draw him a check for a couple of thousand, as a present for his thoughtfulness," he added, meditatively.

As he arose from the table, a servant brought him a message. Mrs. Gay would like to see him in the library before he went out.

"Perhaps she has thought better of it," he whispered to himself.

He was struck, when he entered the room, at the change which so few hours had wrought in her. There were deep black circles around her eyes, and her whole face was haggard and drawn.

"I wish to make some arrangements with you, Philip," she said. "I cannot stay here and see you finish that which you have begun. Let me give you one-half, two-thirds—yes, all but a mere pittance of the wealth I brought you, and then I will go away and leave you in peace. I will never trouble you more."

"You gave me your wealth when you gave me yourself. You took my name, and I changed all the rest also; you have nothing more to give, and I utterly refuse to let you go!"

His words destroyed her last hope.

"You are making by far too much bother over this," he continued, her pallid face awakening the resentment within him which mean minds usually feel in the presence of their victims. "Why should you object any more than the other women here?"

"The other women, with the exception of a few who are as degraded as their husbands, do object!" she cried, passionately. "Look at the stolid, hopeless creatures you meet in the street. Look at the uncared-for, miserable children, whose faces betray that they come from betrayed, broken-hearted mothers, and there is no help for them! The free flag I was so proud of floats over a slavery that is a thousand-fold worse than the slavery of the blacks; and there is no hope, no help!"

Her head fell forward on the table, and her hands dropped listlessly at her side. Her last hope was swept away; her degradation was complete.

"Oh, Fletcher," she muttered, "in your superior wisdom, and with eyes unblinded by love, you sought to save me from the bitterness of this moment!"

CHAPTER XII.

PHILIP brought his new wife directly home.

The house was commodious, large enough for two wives (?), and it was best to commence as he intended to end. The more he pandered to Muriel's prejudices, the more unpleasant it would be for all, extending indefinitely the time of misery. She would eventually have to make the best of the situation, as he had taken the precaution that her purse was entirely empty, and her jewelry he had removed surreptitiously, so that it would be utterly impossible for her to leave the Valley. He was not foolish enough to allow her to go forth and seek his rival. He could imagine how quickly Fletcher Arbuthnot would take up her cause, and try to comfort her; and false as he was, he ground his teeth in jealous rage at the thought.

And then, think of the honor of having the two most handsome wives in the city! He felt quite patriarchal already. What a divine institution!

When they entered the house, he was met by one of the servants, who came quietly, and on tip-toe.

"You have a little daughter, Mr. Gay," she said, in a whisper; "and the doctor don't think Mrs. Gay is going to live!"

A flush swept over his face, but as his eye fell on Verona, all natural instinct fled.

"Not quite so bad as that, I guess," he responded, lightly. "Those physicians always like to exaggerate!"

The girl opened the parlor-door; she knew who the strange lady was, for gossip in the kitchen had been at its height during the last two days, since everybody had learned that the handsome young lawyer was about to make an addition to his household. And the criticisms in his domain were not of the most kindly nature so far as he was concerned.

"Take off Mrs. Gay's wraps," he said to the girl, in the most dignified tone, "and show her up to the West Room."

Verona was delighted with the chamber. It was a very large room, furnished in warm crimson tints that harmonized beautifully with her dark, glowing beauty. She was sure that Philip must have thought of her when selecting the appointments; and that was the truth—every article had been purchased in the belief that she would one day occupy and admire the room.

She gave no thought to the poor, wronged, outraged wife who was fighting death in the room below. Hatred for the woman whom she believed had stolen Philip away from her, and bitter jealousy, had swallowed up every feeling of common humanity in her breast.

Philip did not visit his wife. If she was conscious, he was aware that his presence would only excite and irritate her; if not, it would not be a pleasant sight for him; he had a horror of sick people.

He was radiant at the table next morning, and only acted casually after "Mrs. Gay," as if performing a duty—nothing more.

Time passed. Muriel still lay in the darkened

room, unconscious of all around her. She raved most of the time, but it was a confused medley of Philip, Severn Rock, Fletcher, and then sometimes accompanied with a wild shriek of "A girl! A girl!"

Philip did his duty; when the physician in attendance warned him that he thought there was very imminent danger, he immediately insisted on calling in another doctor and holding a consultation.

"Do your best, doctor," he said, impressively. "You must pull her through. She has a good constitution, and if you once succeed in breaking the fever, we can easily build up her strength."

But to break the fever was the really difficult task. It was the "longest run" the old physician had ever known.

Philip had never gone in to see her. Verona exerted herself to charm him and keep his mind from his sick wife, and he was so infatuated that it proved an easy task. Oh, how she wished Muriel would die! If she could but be Philip's only wife, she would ask for nothing more. She hated the very thought of polygamy, and vowed no other wife should ever come in at the door. Still, she wanted to see the babe. It was long years since she had ever touched an infant, and she loved children. Being assured, one day, by what she overheard—for she never made any inquiries concerning her rival—that Muriel would not notice her, she watched until the nurse went out, and then stole into the apartment.

She took the infant in her arms. She gazed on its dimpled face, its tiny pink fingers, and then such a jealous pang shot through her heart that she almost threw it down.

"It is Philip's, and not mine!" she muttered. "It is so beautiful, he will love it, and love that woman!"

She clinched her hands until the nails pricked into the flesh, and then hurried out, angered that she had yielded to the temptation of entering.

(To be continued.)

INDUSTRIES OF GREAT SOUTH BAY.

FROM Quogue to Fire Island Inlet, on the south shore of that remarkable sand heap known as Long Island, stretches a narrow strip, nowhere more than a mile in width, that bars off from the sea a body of water unique among the waste spots of the globe. This strip is named for a part Fire Island, for it is at times of severe tides divided by the sea, but as a whole it is more properly known as the Great South Bay. Dotted with life-saving stations and fishers' huts, with a huge snow-white lighthouse on its southernmost tip, it is at once the mariner's peril and safeguard. The lonely bay invites disaster, with the breakers ever recoiling from its sandy slope, but the tall old lighthouse stands a sleepless sentinel and never fails in duty. Its beams flash out to the seaward warningly, welcoming the wave-worn voyager to the New World's greatest gate, the first landmark noticeable when Fastnet Light has once lost itself in the hazy horizon, 3,000 miles away. Why it should be called Fire Island nobody knows—for there is not enough raw material on it to start a conflagration—unless it be because of misleading beacons that blazed there long ago, when the hardy natives looked upon a wreck as sent by Providence, and were not above availing themselves of the calamity in their own way. Behind this lies the bay, almost a hundred miles long, in all its ramifications, running, as it does, from the semi-peninsula of Quogue clear down to the upper end of another wonderful sand bar called Long Beach. It is a vast body of water, shallow, and nowhere more than five miles in width, accessible from the sea by little inlets, and teeming with aquatic life. All along the island are scattered the homes of fishermen who gather their life's earnings from the bay, some in picturesque villages, more in isolated cabins, each with its little sloop and fleet of sharp-proved dories floating in the offing. Bayport, Patchogue, Sayville, Bellport, and at the extreme lower end the beautiful Summer city of Babylon, are the leading contiguous towns, all more or less pretty, and all more or less fishy, if the truth be told.

First in rank among the bay industries is the oyster traffic. Its bottom is paved with the favored bivalves, now cultured in their beds like so much wheat or corn. Eight thousand dwellers on its sandy shores owe their existence and such wealth as they possess to this modest and retiring shell-fish alone. Then come crabs and clams, scallops and lobsters, with a very liberal sprinkling of bluefish, striped bass, flounders, sheepshead, and above all in point of numbers, menhaden, or "mossbunkers," as the pleasing local dialect makes them. Two kinds of clams reside in the Great South Bay, hard-shells and soft-shells. The first is dubbed quahog in fisherfolk dialect, a name of Indian origin, while the second is simply plain clam. The quahog dwells only in the deep, and must be dragged to the surface with rakes of iron, wide-jawed and powerful, into which the mollusks are gathered as it scrapes along, and come up smooth and smiling as only a clam can smile. The clam's features are admirably adapted to looking pleasant. The soft-shell lingers in the moist sand of the beaches, and this is what makes him so happy when the tide comes up. His presence is denoted by bubbles on the surface of the sand, caused by his gentle efforts to breathe, and whence he is dug out by the clam-hunter with a spade built like a pitchfork.

The artist has called attention to "chumming." The process is a preliminary to fishing, when conducted on any kind of a scale. The "chummer" is an overgrown coffee-mill, constructed like a hand-organ. With this hapless porgies are ground up, and set adrift thus disintegrated, to attract game fish, who, when once on hand, are successfully inveigled into captivity by alluring sand-worms with hooks inside of them.

Wholesalers of destruction are the menhaden fishermen. Fleets of steamers, armed with seines almost of sufficient length to girdle a city block, capture the plump little fish by the million, to be ground up and pressed out for oil. Their scattered remains go to form the major part of popular fertilizers, and nothing is wasted. The fish grow less under these fierce assaults, but not nearly so rapidly as would be supposed. It is only a question of time, however, when the bunker-catching will be among the arts that are lost.

In Summer the region around the bay is a most delightful resort. The boating and fishing are unsurpassed, and even the hunting is not to be despised. Ducks and wild geese flutter over the

waters, when journeying to and from their northern Summer home, while snipe abound in the marshes, as well as other gamey wild fowl. So it is that during the season of warmth many visitors make life merry on the barren shores. When Winter comes the scene changes. The life-saving stations are fully manned and provisioned, and desolation settles down over the bay, with no sign of life extant save the busy oyster farmer, whose crop is ripe for the harvest, and whose gain is the price of hardships long endured.

PROTECTING THE OBELISK.

THE famous Egyptian obelisk, formerly known as "Cleopatra's Needle," in Alexandria, and latterly one of the sights of New York's Central Park, was brought to America in July, 1880. Unlike the similar monoliths transferred in the Middle Ages to Rome and Paris, and the one set up a few years since on the Thames Embankment, London, it has suffered severely from the change of climate. The frosts of five American Winters have wrought almost as much damage upon its legendary sides as the sun and dry desert winds of a score of centuries in Egypt. The entire surface appears to have undergone a process of crumbling, which threatens, unless promptly arrested, to efface the hieroglyphics of Thothmes III, which constitute its chief historical interest. The decay is so rapid, that many persons are of the opinion that the obelisk must have been exposed to fire at some ancient period—a very probable supposition, inasmuch as before it was taken to Alexandria it stood in Heliopolis, the city burned by the conquering Persians of Cambyses.

A remedy, which it is hoped will arrest the disintegration of the historic shaft, has just been applied. It consists of a complete coating of paraffine, or pure melted wax distilled from crude petroleum. The entire obelisk was first carefully gone over, and every loose fragment removed, after which it was cleansed with ammonia. Several of the deep crevices were filled with a thin cement, and then the paraffine coating was applied over all, making the surface thoroughly waterproof. The application of the mixture was made with brushes, after the stone had been heated by means of portable charcoal stoves and naphtha blowpipes. Our picture represents the appearance of the scaffolded obelisk during the progress of this work. It was a peculiar and interesting operation to witness, and attracted thousands of unwonted visitors to the Autumn-tinted groves of the Park.

THE DISASTER ON LAKE SUPERIOR.

ONE of the most terrible disasters recently reported was the wreck of the ironclad steamer *Algoma*, of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, which occurred just outside of Thunder Bay, Lake Superior, off Port Arthur, on the night of the 7th instant. The *Algoma*, which had on board eleven passengers, and forty-eight men in officers and crew, was one of the finest vessels on the lakes. On the night preceding the disaster, a gale of great violence swept over Lake Superior, in which the vessel was caught, but she made her way through the storm until the following morning, when Isle Royale was sighted, and the captain headed her for Rock Harbor, where he hoped to gain shelter. The island forms a natural harbor of refuge, but near the entrance there is a dangerous reef, and just as the steamer was nearing the entrance she struck the reef. There was a terrific shock, and then the steamer came to a full stop, and soon after commenced to fill with water. The boats were at once got in readiness, and all started to leave the steamer; but just as they were about to lower the boats the steamer slipped off the reef and sank. The water was covered with men and women for a minute, and then all was over. Only fourteen lived to tell the tale. These got into one of the boats, but were powerless to save themselves, as they were without oars. The captain, however, wrenched a footboard from the bottom of the boat, and with that as a paddle, succeeded in working the boat to the island, where the survivors were picked up in a perishing condition two days after. The number of lives lost was forty-five, of which nine were those of passengers. The survivors suffered intensely from exposure and exhaustion after being cast on Isle Royale.

This island lies some forty miles off Port Arthur, extending north and south across the mouth of Thunder Bay. It is a desolate island of rocky foundation, with rocky, shelving shores, and has not recently been inhabited.

LIGHTING THE FIRE BY CLOCKWORK.

AN ingenious New York mechanic has invented a machine which will prove popular among housekeepers who do not relish getting out of bed on cold winter mornings to kindle the fires of the household. The contrivance consists of an ordinary metal clock, which can be wound up and set for any hour desired. If you want your fire lighted at five o'clock, you set the hand at that hour and place it before the grate. Promptly at five o'clock a spring moves and a short metal rod projecting from the back of the clock drops down. To the end of this rod is attached a match which rubs against a piece of sand-paper and ignites a strip of paper fastened to the clock and connected with the kindling in the grate. Thus the fire is started while you are still sleeping. But a second contrivance is added to the clock. When the fire has burned long enough to heat the room a second spring moves, and a wild alarm rings out on the stillness of your chamber and makes sleep an impossibility. Thus you are awakened at any hour desired, to find your fire burning brightly and the atmosphere of your room of the right temperature.

BANCROFT'S WORKSHOP.

A WASHINGTON correspondent of the Philadelphia Times writes: "The most conspicuous literary figure at the capital is George Bancroft, author of the only complete history of the United States. The venerable historian is a living refutation of Scott's assertion that 'no man of genius was ever an orderly man.' Were there no other proof, the condition of Mr. Bancroft's study furnishes ample evidence that he is a lover of method. It proves, also, that he is a believer in the theory that the brain at work is sensibly affected by the external objects around, and in some degree takes its tone from them. The historian works in a long, narrow room, adorned profusely with fine historical paintings, among them 'Columbus Landing at San Salvador,' 'Ponce de Leon Standing on the Banks of the Mississippi,' and 'La Salle Exploring the Father of Waters.' From his seat he has

a full view of his art treasures, and frequently gazes at them as if for inspiration. His desk is a model of order. Instead of pigeon-holes he has numbered hooks, corresponding with the chapters he is writing. There are enough pens before him to supply an average college class. He uses a paper of peculiar color, cut up in large, almost square sheets. It is not yellow, nor yet green, but a disagreeable combination of both. I was surprised to hear that this peculiar paper is necessary to keep up the flow of the historian's thoughts and expression. He has often said that, with ordinary white paper before him, the composition of a single sentence was the work of fifteen or twenty minutes. There is also but one kind of pen that suits him—a large flat one of English make. When composing his history, Mr. Bancroft shows none of the agonizing symptoms often perceived in literary men at work—no running fingers through the hair, no pressing the forehead, no yawnings, no impatient walking to and fro. He sits almost erect, seeming scarcely to bend his neck, as the pen travels over the paper. When the pen begins to hesitate he stops work. He writes little at one time, but that little freely. The preparatory looking over references is done after breakfast. Next follows a long walk, during which he sifts the evidence, constructs the page or chapter mentally, and has its outline before his eyes when he begins writing, which is usually about four in the afternoon. The wording is, of course, the easiest part; hence the facility with which the historian's pen does its work."

WHY JOHN ROACH QUIT JOURNEYWORK.

A WRITER in the New York Tribune says: "I met John Roach a few days ago and found him restored to somewhat of his old-time vigor. He happened to be in the mood to tell me something of his early history and experience. Said he: 'I have memorandum-books in which I have for almost my entire life written down the things that interested me at the moment. I happened to pick up one of these the other day, which was over forty years old, and to run across the heading, 'Why John Roach Quit Journeywork.' It is a curious reminiscence. I was at work in the shop one day, when an idea about shipbuilding came into my head. I turned up a nail, sat down on it and began to trace the idea in the molding-sand at my feet. George Copeland, the foreman, came in and found me thus engaged. He called me a loafer, and my blood fairly boiled. 'You can't work any longer in this shop,' he said to my excited reply. I answered by saying I would not if I could, but that he should not discharge me. I threw off my overalls, and ran ahead of him to the office, where I notified him I had quit work and demanded my time. Within a week I had set up a little shop of my own. I hired two or three men. My capital amounted to \$300. At the end of the first week I paid my men \$27. Then I went home with a curious feeling. I said to my wife, 'Mary, I've paid the men, but I have no money for you, and you will have to get trusted at the grocery.' She said: 'Never mind, John; I can do that. You are your own boss now, and we will stand together to keep you so.' In all the years since, concluded Mr. Roach, with much feeling, 'though my weekly pay-roll has been as high as \$37,000, there has never been a Saturday night when my men were not fully paid.'"

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

A LARGE part of the \$125,000 needed for an International Industrial Exhibition at Edinburgh has been subscribed.

Dr. Boack, of St. Louis, says that asphaltum varnish is the best disinfectant he knows of; it will destroy all germs at once, and no household insects will approach an article of furniture whose interior has been painted with it.

COTTON manufacturers in St. Petersburg are much interested at present in the successful application of electricity for the purpose of bleaching cotton and flax fibres, as well as tissues. The material is steeped in water, which is then decomposed by electricity, the oxygen which is thus set free at once acting on the fibres. This process has been found to occupy very considerably less time than the ordinary one.

Dr. FOTHERGILL, a greatly respected English authority on dyspepsia, speaks strongly in favor of milk puddings and stewed fruits for the dyspeptic, the bilious and the gouty. He says: "Sugar is undoubtedly objectionable to many, but it is by no means necessary to add sugar to stewed fruit. If the acidity be neutralized by a little bicarbonate soda, the natural sweetness of the fruit will be brought out and the dish be made more agreeable than though artificially made sugar were added."

THE construction of the Russian Transcasian Railway is said to be progressing rapidly. The rails are being laid at night as well as in the daytime, and trains have commenced to run. The line to Merv is now being proceeded with. This last named place, it may be remembered, is only 220 miles, or twelve marches, from Herat. From Merv the line will probably be carried on to Bokhara and Tashkend, in the expectation that it will be enormously beneficial to Russia, both from a commercial and a strategical point of view.

REGARDING typhoons, the Government Astronomer of Hong Kong states that the signs of these phenomena in the China Seas are clouds of the cirrus type, looking like fine hair, feathers, or small white tufts of wool, traveling from east to north, a slight rise in the barometer, clear and dry, but hot, weather, and light winds. These portents are followed by a falling barometer, while the temperature rises still further. The air becomes oppressive from increasing dampness, and the sky presents a vaporous and threatening appearance.

THE British Parliament has passed an Act putting it out of the power of landowners on whose soil any important ancient monument rests to deface or destroy the same. General Pitt Rivers has made a tour of Great Britain and the Isles, and in cases not covered by the Act has sought to rouse the interest of landowners in preserving such objects. About half the owners of the monuments mentioned in the Act have gladly availed themselves of its provisions; others resented the intrusion of Government as an insult to themselves; a few declined to submit because the monuments were leased to others and there was no provision for payment in case the contracts were violated. For some reason the Isle of Man does not come within the limits of the Act, and it is proposed that the Legislature of the Island should follow the example of England and Ireland.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE French Press strongly denounces the British invasion of Burnah.

A COAL-FIELD has been discovered on the Russian shore of Behring Strait.

THE authorities of Princeton College have determined to put an end to hazing.

BOSTON is to have a cremation society, with a capital stock of \$25,000 in 2,500 shares.

THE work of expelling the boomers from Oklahoma Territory is going actively forward.

THE revenue from customs during the fiscal year ending June 30th last amounted to \$183,207,908.

THE North, South and Central American Exposition at New Orleans was successfully opened on the 10th instant.

BOTH Germany and Spain are said to have formally accepted the compromise of the Caroline Islands dispute suggested by the Pope.

A CONSERVATIVE member of the British Parliament, Mr. Charles Edward Lewis, was mobbed at Londonderry last week by a crowd of factory-women.

THE corner-stone of a monument to Schiller, the German poet, was laid in Chicago last week. Steps have been taken for the erection of a similar monument in Philadelphia.

THE Catholic clergy of the United States propose to raise \$700,000 for the Catholic University, for the establishment of which Miss Caldwell, of New York city, recently gave \$300,000.

THE First Assistant Postmaster-general recommends in his report that the free-delivery system be extended to places of 10,000 inhabitants, where the post-offices have a gross revenue of \$10,000.

THIRTEEN persons were killed, some fifty others injured, and great damage was done to property, by a cyclone which swept over Dallas, Perry and Bibb Counties, in Alabama, on the 6th instant.

ALTHOUGH the smallpox epidemic in Montreal is gradually abating, the progress made by the Health Board is not rapid, and sanitary agents are as unpopular as ever. The average daily number of deaths last week was twenty-five.

THE whole number of passengers carried over the elevated railroads of New York city during the year ending September 30th was 103,354,729. The gross receipts of the companies were \$7,000,566, and the working expenses were \$3,967,983.

At the recent election in Massachusetts, not a single vote was cast in the town of Gosnold. The town has nineteen voters, most of whom are Gay-head Indians. When election-day came the ballot-box was placed in position, but none of the nineteen took interest enough in the issue to approach it, and it was closed empty at the appointed hour.

AN important meeting of the American Free Trade League was held at Chicago last week, at which addresses were made by Henry Ward Beecher and other eminent Free Traders. Mr. David A. Wells was elected President of the League for the ensuing year, and resolutions were adopted denouncing Protection, and demanding free ships and the abolition of restrictive navigation laws.

THE Secretary of the Interior, his two assistants, and the Commissioner of Patents, are hearing testimony and arguments on the question whether or not the Department of Justice shall bring suit in the name of the United States for annulling the Bell telephone patent. The arguments embody an interesting and complete history of the discovery and development of the telephone.

THE local option law of Georgia has been so successful when applied to rural communities, that the Prohibitionists of Atlanta think the time has come to try it in the city. A special election is to be held the day before Thanksgiving, and the Prohibitionists are hopeful of carrying the city in favor of "no license." Many prominent men are enlisted on both sides, and the fight, it is thought, will be a close one.

THE Latin Monetary Union has been renewed for five years, without Belgium, the convention being, however, left open to that Government. By the terms of the renewal, silver coins are to be redeemed in gold, and no additional silver coinage is to be permitted. This is simply an arrangement for settling up accounts between the four Governments, France, Greece, Italy and Switzerland, within five years.

MR. STEAD, of the London *Pall Mall Gazette*, who was last week sentenced to three months' imprisonment, has not lost his friends. While denounced by many of the newspapers, he has the ardent sympathy of a multitude of people. Last week a large delegation waited upon the Home Secretary with a petition for Mr. Stead's release, but were coolly received, and he will no doubt be obliged to serve out his term.

A NUMBER of raids on the Treasury are preparing this Winter, and as soon as Congress gets down to business they will be heard from. One is a big bill for damages for the fire at Aspinwall last Spring. The United States guaranteed to keep the Panama Railroad open for traffic. The burning of Aspinwall interfered with this, as all the depots, tracks, etc., suffered in the conflagration, and hence everybody in Aspinwall, whether entitled to it or not, expects the United States to pay bills from resulting losses.

AMONG recent callers upon President Cleveland were a party of eight English tourists, who had just arrived from San Francisco on their way home from a trip around the world. They were very much pleased with what they saw at the White House, and particularly with the entire absence of formality. One of them said they had called during their tour on the rulers of twenty-one countries or Powers, but that on no previous occasion had their visit been a pleasure, on account of the numerous tiresome formalities that they were required to go through before they had accomplished anything.

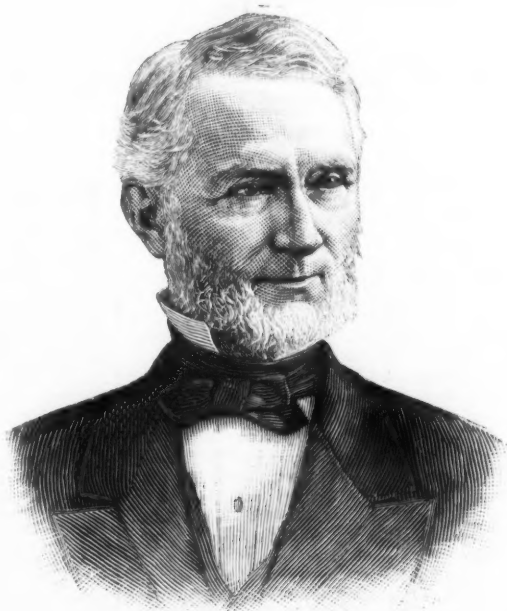
THE new Chinese Consul in New York city recently gave a dinner to his countrymen. The bill-of-fare was as follows: 1. Dragon-fish; boiled celery. 2. Sharks' fins stewed; birds'-nest soup. 3. Sea-worm; ginger and ground-nuts. 4. Fruits; eggs and preserves. 5. Devil-fish; roast chicken and duck. 6. Sucking pig; bamboo-shoots and rice. 7. Perfumed pork; mushrooms and sea-beans. 8. Spiced sausage; stuffed eggs and millet. 9. Tenderloins with raisins and chestnuts. 10. Moon cakes and confectionery. The drinks were tea, almond tea, arrack and Chinese liqueurs. The almond tea was a novelty, and consisted apparently of a sweet decoction of almonds, reinforced with alcohol and rock candy.



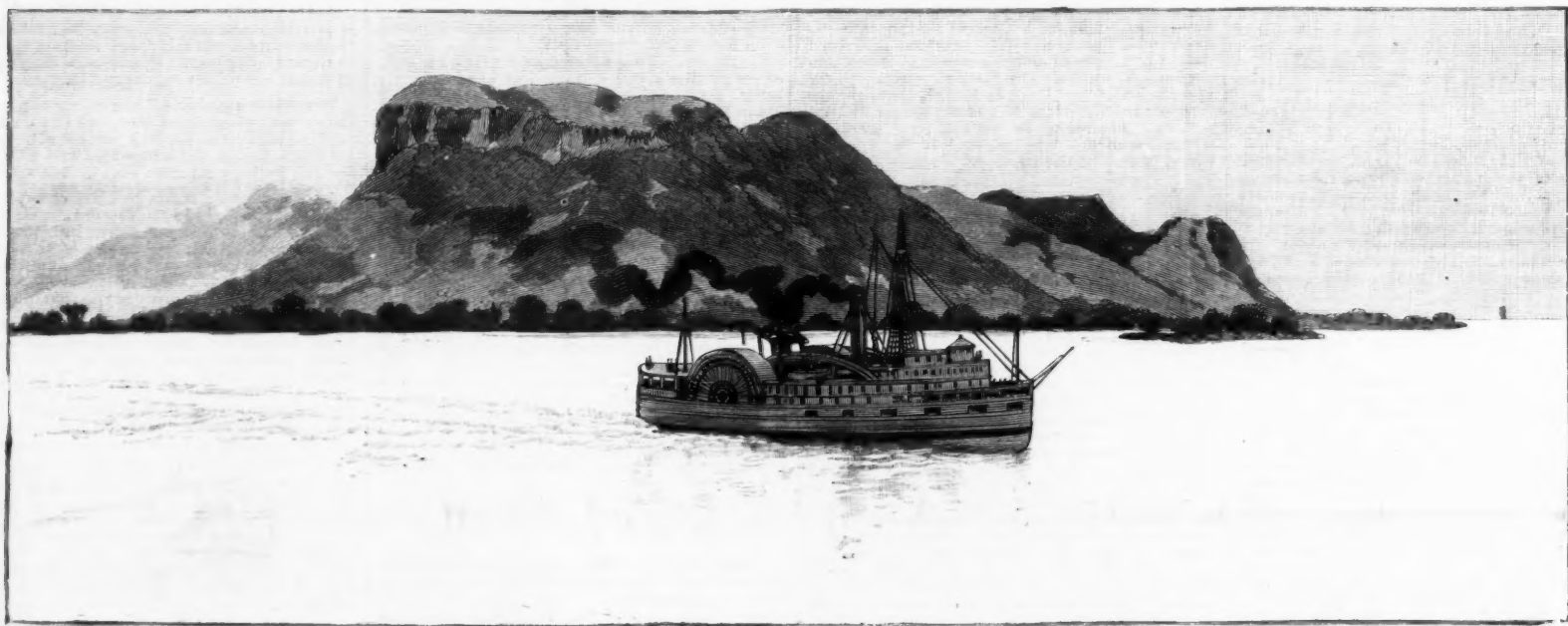
SOUTH CAROLINA.—COLONEL WILLIAM L. TRENHOLM,
CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSIONER.

Here he opposed Alfred Kelley, leader of the Whigs in that body, and brought himself into wide repute thereby. In his official action he evinced such knowledge of the finances of the State that he was strongly urged for Governor by leading Democrats. In 1848 he was a delegate-at-large to the Baltimore Convention. In 1850—after the close of his term in the State Senate—he was elected a member of Congress from the Toledo District, and re-elected in 1852, and was the Chairman of the Committee on Claims of that body. In 1853 he was elected by the Board of Fund Commissioners the financial agent of the State of Ohio to reside at New York city. In 1856 Mr. Edgerton was Chairman of the National Democratic Convention at Cincinnati. In 1859 he was very appropriately appointed by the Ohio Legislature one of the committee to investigate frauds upon the State Treasury, and made an elaborate report, exposing the frauds and their authors. In 1857 he removed to Fort Wayne, but retained his citizenship in Ohio until 1862. Two years later he was a delegate-at-large to the Chicago Convention. In 1859, in connection with the late Pliny Hoagland and Hugh McCulloch (late Secretary of the Treasury), he became lessee of the Indiana canals, and then general manager. In 1868 he was nominated on the ticket with Hon. T. A. Hendricks for Lieutenant-governor of Indiana, and was defeated by less than 1,000 votes. He declined the nomination of the O'Connor Democrats for Governor in 1872. By appointment of ex-Governor Porter, Mr. Edgerton is now a Director of Purdue University. He has been engaged in many successful business enterprises, is in easy circumstances, and is a practical student of public affairs. He is a man of such high integrity that he paid over \$500,000 to the creditors of his brother-in-law some years ago, although his legal obligation was, at the outside, \$200,000. He was for many years an intimate friend and associate of Chief-justice Waite, who, with Senator Henry B. Payne, Governor Gray of Indiana, Vice-president Hendricks, and many leading citizens of Ohio and Indiana, warmly indorsed him as possessing qualities peculiarly fitting him for the work of the Civil Service Commission. He is in fullest sympathy with the reform.

Colonel William L. Trenholm, of Charleston, S. C., the other



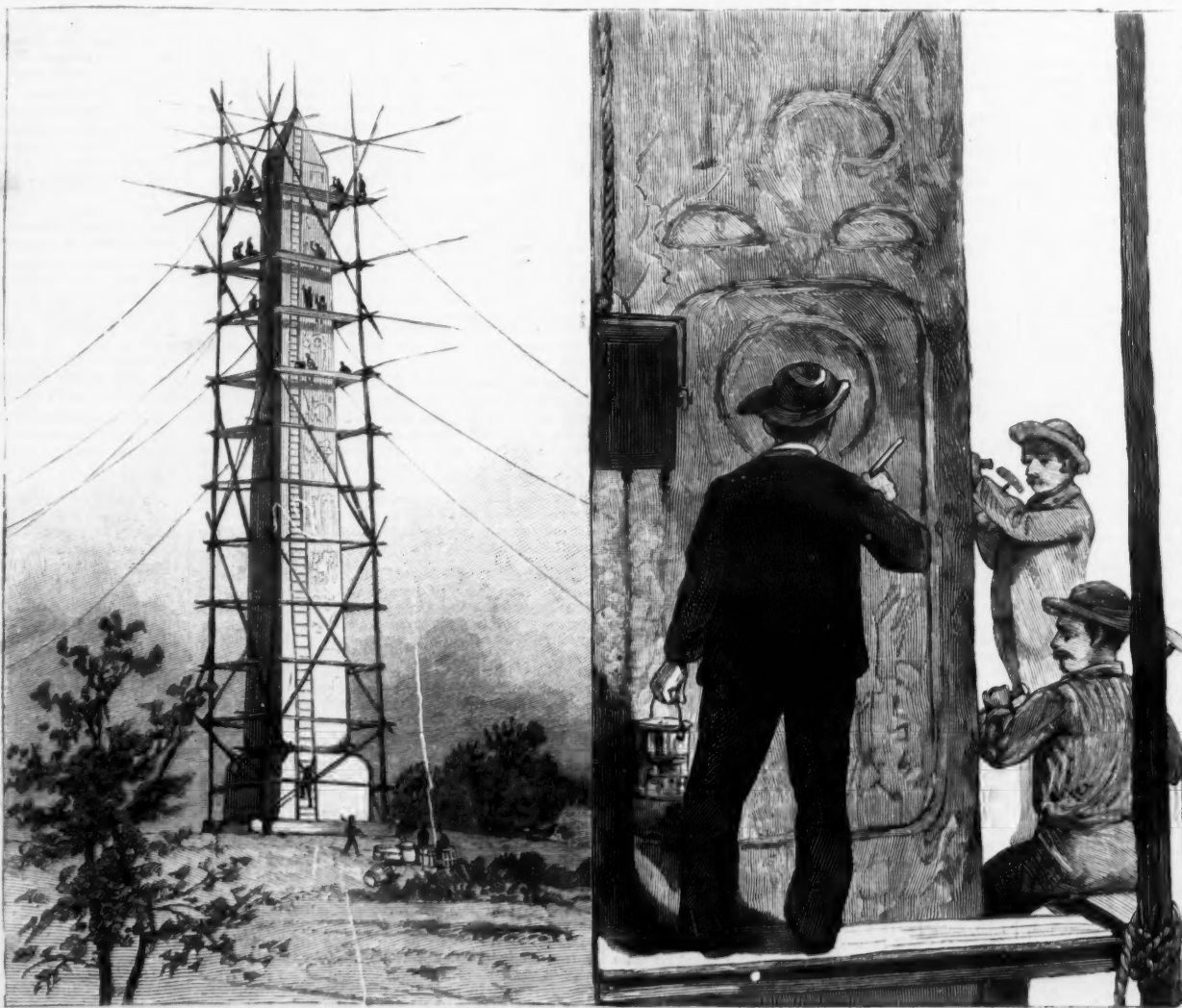
INDIANA.—HON. ALFRED P. EDGERTON, CIVIL SERVICE
COMMISSIONER.



THE RECENT SHIPWRECK IN THUNDER BAY, LAKE SUPERIOR.—A VIEW OF ISLE ROYALE, OFF WHICH THE IRONCLAD STEAMER "ALGOMA" WENT DOWN.—SEE PAGE 219.

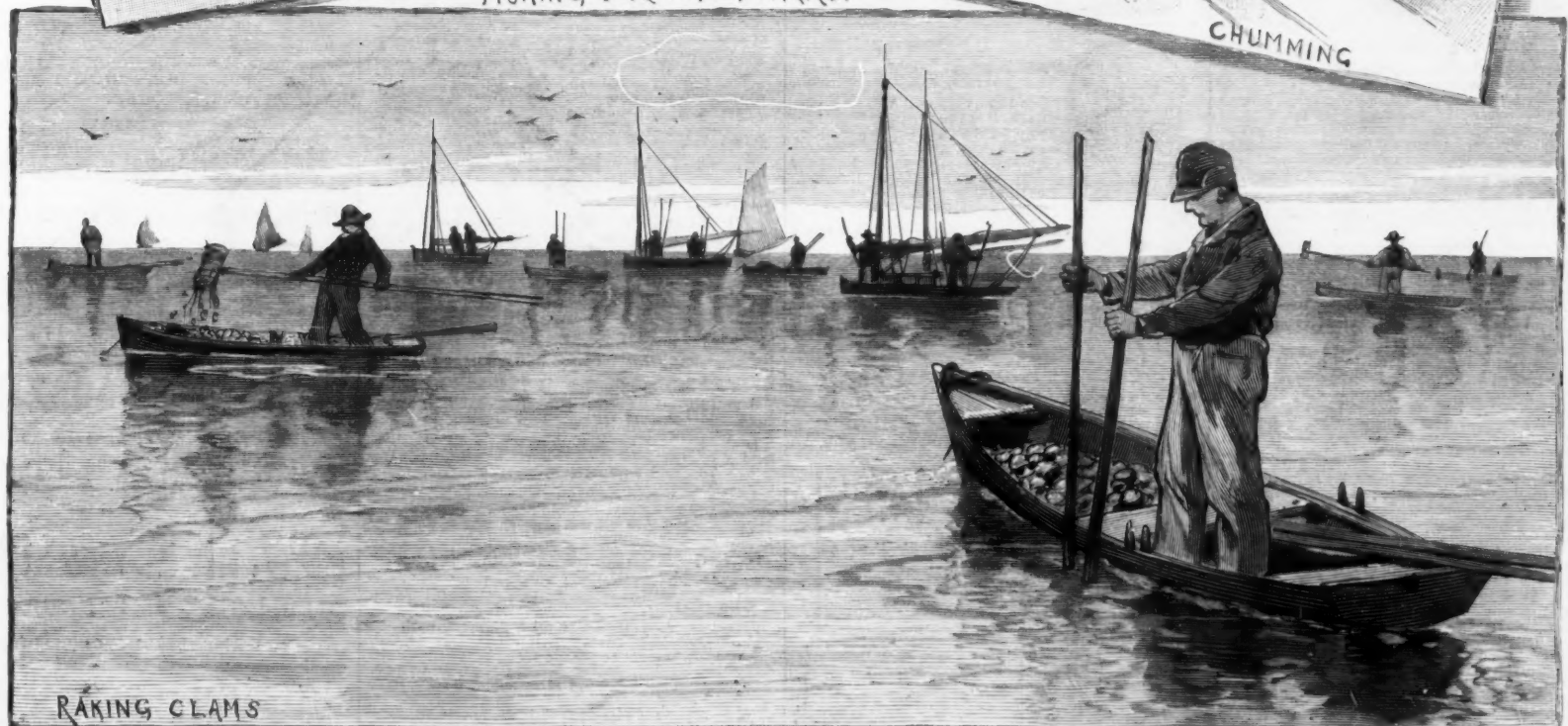
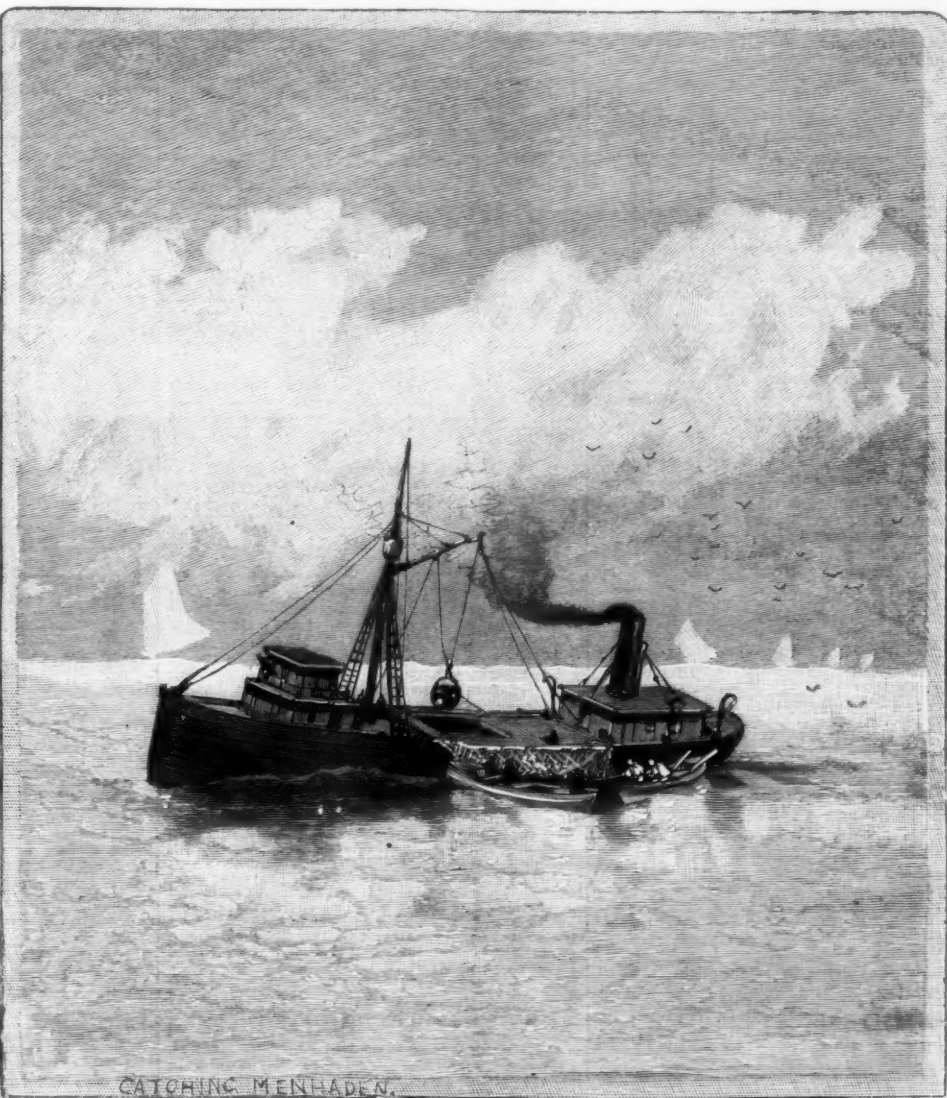
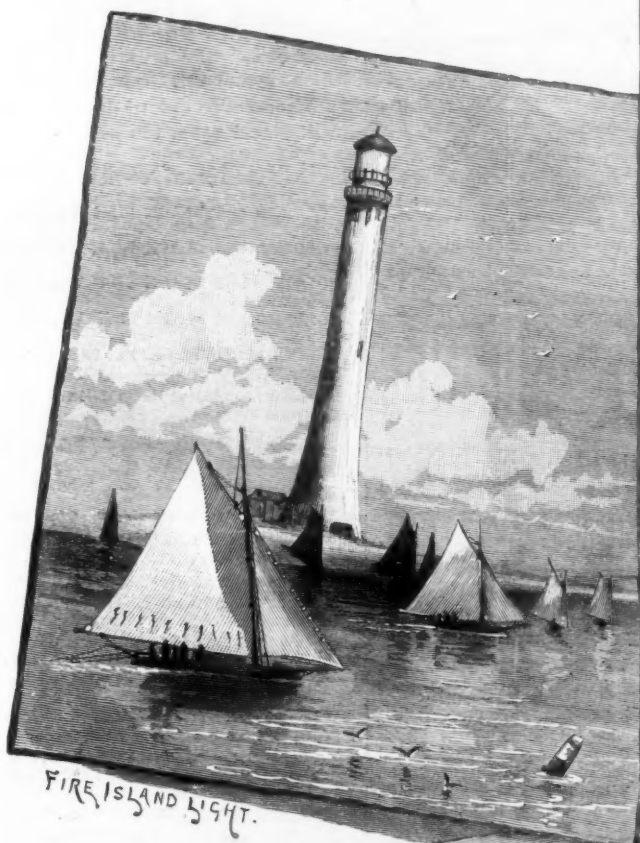
THE NEW CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSIONERS.

THE Civil Service Commission, as now constituted, consists of Alfred P. Edgerton, of Indiana; William L. Trenholm, of South Carolina; and Dorman B. Eaton, of New York. Mr. Edgerton was born in Plattsburg, Clinton County, N. Y., January 13th, 1813. He is a lineal descendant of Richard Edgerton, one of the original owners of Norwich, Conn. He received his education at the Plattsburg Academy, and at the early age of twenty became editor of a paper in his native town in 1833. In the Fall of 1833 he removed to New York city and engaged in commercial pursuits. Four years afterwards he removed to the State of Ohio, to take charge of the extensive interests of the American Land Company, and those owned by Mr. Hicks. He established a law office at Hicksville, DeLancey County, at which 140,000 acres of land were sold. In 1852 Mr. Edgerton found himself the owner of 40,000 acres in Northwestern Ohio, which he sold to actual settlers on most liberal terms as regarded payments. He reserved for himself a country-seat near Hicksville, which he still holds, and where he resides part of each year. In 1845 he was elected to the State Senate of Ohio.



NEW YORK CITY.—WORKMEN GIVING A COAT OF PARAFFINE TO THE EGYPTIAN OBELISK IN CENTRAL PARK, TO PREVENT ITS FURTHER DECAY.—SEE PAGE 219.

Democratic member of the Commission, is about fifty years of age, an active business man, and was recommended for the appointment by leading friends of the Civil Service Reform movement North and South. He is the son of the late Secretary Trenholm of the Treasury of the Southern Confederacy, and has been brought into prominence lately by his address before numerous bankers' conventions on the silver question, and his writings on the same subject, which have attracted wide attention. An argument which he presented to the Secretary of the Treasury some weeks ago in behalf of the rice-growers of South Carolina was a model of logical statement. It was while he was in Washington to present the views of the rice-growers on the rice-duty question that the President sent for him and had a chat with him, one afternoon, when no one could interrupt them. The President was favorably impressed by his visitor, and subsequently offered him the Civil Service Commissionership, which was accepted. Colonel Trenholm, like Edgerton, is a pronounced Civil Service Reformer—a Civil Service Reformer on principle—and there is no doubt that he will do all in his power to carry out the views of the President on that question.



NEW YORK.—THE INDUSTRIES OF GREAT SOUTH BAY.
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 219.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

THERE are indications that the Indians of the Canadian Northwest are preparing for another outbreak. They are said to be suffering from the want of provisions.

THIRTY persons, one a State Senator, and four doctors, who were concerned in a lynching case at Edgefield, S. C., have been indicted for murder, and will be immediately tried.

THE controversy over Sterling, the suspended Custom House Weigher in New York, has been ended by the appointment of John W. O'Brien, who passed the best examination, to the position.

FORTY-ONE blocks of buildings in Galveston, Tex., covering an area of one hundred acres, were destroyed by fire on the 13th inst., making a total loss of \$2,000,000, not including household furniture and personal apparel, and rendering a thousand families homeless. Contributions for the relief of the sufferers are already pouring in from all quarters.

FOREIGN.

PREMIER BRISSON of France has declared himself emphatically opposed to the evacuation of T. quin and Madagascar.

FIVE German-Americans have been expelled from the Island of Fohr by the German Government, under a law of 1841, which has been revived, and which does not allow foreigners to settle or even to reside temporarily at a place unless the local authorities permit them.

THE British authorities have issued a proclamation to natives of Burma assuring them that none will be molested in their trading, religious, and other privileges, and that all native civil and military officers will be retained as long as they remain loyal, but will be punished if they maltreat Englishmen. District officers are ordered to disregard orders from Mandalay, as Thebaw will never be king again.

FUN.

An accessory before the act—The orchestra.

U. TREAT has been appointed postmaster at Frankfort, Me. He "sets 'em up" now when his name is called.

SALVATION OIL, the celebrated American remedy, is guaranteed to cure rheumatism, sore throat, swellings, bruises, burns and frost-bites. Price only twenty five cents a bottle.

JOHN RUSKIN, replying to an appeal in favor of the use and study of nude female models, says that an artist can do much better without them than with them. Rusk in is not infallible. If a man who handles the brush wants to paint or whitewash a barn, he must have the barn before him.

A CLERGYMAN'S REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE.

THE following communications give the history of one of a class of cases especially found among clergy, and all professional men and brain workers. The change wrought in three months, as related by Dr. Cushing, pastor of the First M. E. Church, Rochester, N. Y. (a clergyman of wide repute, whose statement will not be questioned for a moment by those who know him), is truly marvelous:

"16 N. FITZTHUGH ST., ROCHESTER, N. Y. January 11th, 1884.

"DRS. STARKER & PALEN—Dear Sirs: It is nearly four years since I first used Compound Oxygen. There are those, doubtless, who would be glad to know of its effects in a case like mine.

"For fifteen years I had been carrying heavy burdens and doing very hard work. I found myself gradually losing the power of endurance, so that my work left me much exhausted. I could see that my whole nervous system was giving way—that there was a manifest lack of vital force. This was most apparent and most alarming when I went to my study. My mind was losing its grip. Sleep was insufficient, and unrefreshing.

"Under these circumstances I began the use of Compound Oxygen. At first I saw no results. After a time I observed my digestion was much improved. More restful sleep followed. At the end of three months I found myself able to preach Sunday morning, teach a Bible class of seventy-five or a hundred after sermon, attend an afternoon service often, and preach to a congregation of a thousand persons in the evening, and say in truth, at the close of my evening service, that I was not conscious of any more weariness than when I began in the morning. My mind has never worked better than during these four years, and in no other time of my life could I do as much work, or do it with as much ease.

"This is my experience, and I have much reason to be grateful for it. Sincerely,

"CHARLES W. CUSHING, D.D."

A "Treatise on Compound Oxygen," containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of diseases, will be sent free. Address DRS. STARKER & PALEN, 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

AN awful sense of loneliness must fall upon a Mormon when he is snatched from eight or ten wives and thrust into durance vile.

BLAIR'S PILLS.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval box, 34; round, 14 pills. At all druggists.

OPPORTUNITIES TO GET CHRISTMAS MONEY.

IT is well to be advised from the record of the past as to future action. Now let any one read that at New Orleans, La., Tuesday (remember it is always Tuesday), October 13th, 1885, the 185th Grand Monthly Drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery came off with this return to the investors: Ticket No. 15,291—sold in fifths at \$1 each—drew the First Capital Prize of \$75,000; one-fifth was held by A. Kevlin, No. 14 Valette St., Algiers, La.; one by J. D. Hill, of Bay St. Louis, Miss.; another was collected for a San Francisco party by the Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Bank of San Francisco, Cal.; and the other names are withheld by request. No. 184, also sold in fifths at \$1 each, drew the Second Prize, \$25,000; one fifth was held by Patrick Connor, No. 526 Golden Gate Ave.; one by Mrs. H. M. Kibbin, No. 125 Ellis St., both of San Francisco, Cal.; remaining fifths were held elsewhere. No. 45,818 drew the Third Prize of \$10,000; sold as a whole ticket to Señor H. von Gundell, Guaymas, Mexico, and collected through Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express. Nos. 62,143 and 75,516 drew the two Fourth Prizes of \$6,000, also sold in fifths; one to H. Hammond, Lansing, Kan.; one to A. T. Burr, Jr., Danville, Va.; one to J. H. Eystine, of St. Joseph, Mo., paid through Saxton National Bank there; one to E. T. Rounsavell, an employé of Adams Express, at Columbus, O.; one to G. B. Haldemar, of Kansas City, Mo.; other fractions to parties in Havana, Cuba, and elsewhere. The distribution has been made, and the money paid to the lucky ones.—Washington (D. C.) Star.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE A GOOD THING.

DR. ADAM MILLER, Chicago, Ill., says: "I have recommended HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE to my patients, and have received very favorable reports. It is one of the very few really valuable preparations now offered to the afflicted. In a practice of thirty-five years I have found a few good things, and this is one of them."

BURNETT'S COCOAINE

Promotes a Vigorous and Healthy Growth of the Hair. It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out, and has never failed to arrest its decay. Use BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS—the best.

"WHAT we learn with pleasure we never forget." —Alfred Mercier. The following is a case in point: "I paid out hundreds of dollars without receiving any benefit," says Mrs. Emily Ithards, of McBride, Mich. "I had female complaints, especially 'dragging-down,' for over six years. Dr. R. V. PIERCE'S 'FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION' did me more good than any medicine I ever took. I advise every sick lady to take it." And so do we. It never disappoints its patrons. Druggists sell it.

If you suffer from looseness of the bowels, ANOSTURA BITTERS will surely cure you. Beware of counterfeits, and ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, prepared by Dr. J. G. B. SIEBERT & SONS.

H. W. JOHN'S ASBESTOS LIQUID PAINTS are Standard. Pamphlet, Structural Decorations, free by mail. H. W. JOHN'S M'FG CO., 87 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

CURE FOR THE DEAF.

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR-DRUMS perfectly restore the hearing, and perform the work of the natural drum. Always in position, but invisible to others, and comfortable to wear. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book with testimonials, free. Address, F. HISCOK, 853 Broadway, New York. Mention this paper.

STRANGER THAN FICTION

ARE the records of some of the cures of consumption effected by that most wonderful remedy, DR. PIERCE'S "GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY." Thousands of grateful men and women, who have been snatched almost from the very jaws of death, can testify that consumption, in its early stages, is no longer incurable. The Discovery has no equal as a pectoral and alterative, and the most obstinate affections of the throat and lungs yield to its power. All druggists.

DR. COLLINS'S successful treatment of the Opium and Morphine Habit for the past seventeen years warrants him in offering one thousand dollars reward to any one afflicted with the habit that he cannot cure painlessly. Address DR. SAMUEL B. COLLINS, La Porte, Ind.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

For weak lungs, spitting of blood, shortness of breath, consumption, night-sweats and all lingering coughs, Dr. PIERCE'S "GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY" is a sovereign remedy. Superior to cod liver oil. By druggists.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively Cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 cents, 5 vials by mail for \$1.00. CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York. Sold by all Druggists.



ONLY FOR Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan. Use PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is reliable. FOR PIMPLES on the FACE, Blackheads and Fleshworms, ask your druggist for PERRY'S COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY, the Infallible Skin Medicine. Send for circular. BRENT GOOD & Co., 57 Murray St., New York.



The Best & Cheapest. HILL'S Hair and Whisker DYE. Black or Brown. Sold by all druggists at 50c. O. N. CRITTENTON, Proprietor, 115 Fulton St., N. Y.

ANGLO-SWISS CONDENSED MILK FOR INFANTS. Milkmaid Brand. Better for babies than uncondensed milk. Physicians recommending condensed milk are advised to name our Swiss Milk, designated on the label as "Prepared in Switzerland." Swiss condensed milk contains less sugar than any other. No other milk can be preserved with so little sugar.

EPPS'S COCOA GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.



HUMILIATING ERUPTIONS ITCHING AND BURNING TORTURES

AND EVERY SPECIES OF ITCHING, Scaly, Pimply, Inherited, Scrofulous and Contagious Diseases of the Blood, Skin, and Scalp, with Loss of Hair, from infancy to old age, are positively cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements, and removes the cause.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching and Inflammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Sores, and restores the Hair.

CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Blemishes, Chapped and Oily Skin.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50 cts.; RESOLVENT, \$1; SOAP, 25c. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

RHEUMATIC, Neuralgic, Sciatic, Sudden, Sharp and Nervous Pains, instantly relieved by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. 25c.

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721 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.

OUR HOUSE is NOTED not only ALL OVER THE CITY, but also THROUGH THE STATES, for giving EXTRAORDINARY GOOD VALUE. This FALL we have SURPASSED OURSELVES in both STOCK and PRICES. THE WONDER OF the Ladies, after inspecting our various departments, is how such MAGNIFICENT GOODS can be offered for so LOW PRICES. We have the LARGEST STOCK and latest NOVELTIES in SACQUES, WRAPS, DOLMANS, LADIES' and MISSES' NEWMARKETS and HAVELOCKS, etc. ELEGANT GARMENTS in the LATEST STYLES, at prices FAR BELOW what is asked at other houses.

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To Literary Men.

WANTED—Editorials and light sketches. \$10 given for some suitable editorial. For particulars address "SOCIALIST," 907 Walnut St., Phila. Specimen number of magazine mailed for 10 cts.

FOR ONE DOLLAR

Is offered a three months' trial subscription to the Art Interchange, an illustrated art fortnightly, 20 to 30 p.p., with full size working outline designs in every number, and THIRTEEN large COLORED PLATES a year. Beginning Nov. 8th, this will include Three beautiful Colored Studies, viz.: An Autumn Landscape, by J. C. Crane (size 11x11 in.), an exquisite Fan Design of Wild Roses (size 11x11 in.), Birds, Leaves and Stems, for silk painting; also can be adapted for Dress Front or Wall Banner, and a lovely suggestion for Valentine or Hand Screen of sleeping Cupids. In addition there will be six large supplements of designs in black and white (full size) for painting and embroidery, besides over 100 pages of designs and text, giving careful instruction in ARTISTIC HOUSE-FURNISHING, PAINTING, EMBROIDERY and all other kinds of ART WORK, besides practical hints in the ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS. One year, \$3.00; six months, \$1.65. Sample Copy, with full page Colored Study (Marine view, 11x18), and catalogue sent for Twenty Cents. WILLIAM WHITLOCK, 37 & 39 West 23d St., N. Y. Mention this paper.

NO CATARRH. The Great German Remedy is a positive cure. Particulars sent FREE. MORE E. H. MEDICAL CO., East Hampton, Conn.

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THE OLDEST AND BEST OF ALL Stomach Bitters. AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE. TO BE HAD IN QUARTS AND PINTS. L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manuf'r and Prop'r, 78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

NO MORE RHEUMATISM

GOUT, Gravel, Diabetes. Speedy relief; harmless; infallible; 4 days' cure. French Vegetable Sali-cylates—box, \$1. Books free; thousands authentic references. L. A. PARIS, Gen'l Agt., 102 W. 14th St., N. Y. West'n Ag'ty: J. C. Fowler, M.D., Denver, Col.

44 Scrap Pictures, 15 Fancy-shaped Cards, name on 10 cts., worth 20 cts. J. B. HUSTED, Nassau, N. Y.

First Prize Medal, Vienna, 1873. C. WEIS, Manufacturer of Smokers' Articles, etc., wholesale and retail. Repairing done. Circular free. 99 Broadway, N. Y. Factories, 69 Walker St., and Vienna, Austria. Sterling Silver-mounted Pipes and Bowls made up in newest designs.

RIDLEYS' AS USUAL,

Will be found this week the Great Depot for remarkably cheap goods, while the qualities will equal the best.

VELVETS

COLORED and BLACK SILK VELVETS, 69c.; worth \$1.15. COLORED and BLACK SILK VELVETS, 98c.; worth \$1.75. COLORED and BLACK SILK VELVETS, \$1.34; worth \$2.25. COLORED and BLACK SILK VELVETS, \$1.68; worth \$2.75. 22-inch BLACK VELVETS at 98c.; worth \$2.

SPECIAL.—1,500 yards COLORED SATINS at 33c.; worth fully 80c.

HATS.

ANGOLA WOOL FELT HATS, all colors, 19c. FINE FRENCH FELT HATS AND BONNETS, all colors, 41c.

Extra fine FRENCH FELT HATS, bound, 69c. VERY fine FRENCH FELT HATS and BONNETS, all new colors, 99c.; sold elsewhere at \$1.38.

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CLOTH BONNETS in shades to match suits, 44c. SCHOOL HATS, fully trimmed Tinsel, 69c.

Very fine MOLESKIN, SILK VELVET, and PLUSH HATS and BONNETS, both plain and fancy crowns, \$1.88; elsewhere \$2.98.

CHILDREN'S VELVET CAPS, 49c., 63c., and 75c. INFANTS' PLUSH CAPS, with Swansdown trimmings, 98c.

TRIMMED MILLINERY.

TRIMMED HATS and BONNETS by the hundreds, which cannot be surpassed in design or quality of trimming, or equaled as to low prices. A saving of fully one-half is possible in this department.

DRESS GOODS.

ALL-WOOL 44 SERGES, leading colors, 37c.; worth 50c.

CAMEL'S HAIR SUITINGS, 46-inch, very fine, \$1.42-inch VENETIAN CLOTHS, pure wool, 60c.; worth 85c.

42-inch DRAP D'ALMA, extra heavy, 79c.; worth \$1.

42-inch CORKSCREW SUITINGS, fine quality, 98c. 42-inch DOUBLE WARP FRENCH OTTOMANS, 83c.; worth \$1.

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36-inch ALL-WOOL BLACK FLANNELS, 39c. 52-inch ALL-WOOL TRICOTS, 75c.; worth \$1.

42-inch ALL-WOOL FRENCH BOUCLE, 99c.; worth \$1.39.

27-inch ALL-WOOL JERSEY CLOTHS, 49c.; worth 89c.

42-inch ALL-WOOL REVERSIBLE BIARRITZ, 98c. 25 HOMESPUN ROBES, with wide Boucle Borderings at \$11; reduced from \$18.

WHENEVER READING

Of "Astonishing Bargains" offered elsewhere, always remember that Ridleys' prices will show a saving even over the lowest.

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HOLIDAY NUMBER NOW READY. SAMPLE COPIES, 15c.; SUBSCRIPTION, 50c. PER ANNUM.

EDW. RIDLEY & SONS,

309, 311, 311 1-2 to 321 GRAND ST.

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GOLDEN HAIR WASH.

This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world. \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods, 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

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Organized with a Full Staff of Eighteen Physicians and Surgeons,

Exclusively Devoted to the Treatment of all Chronic Diseases. This imposing Establishment was designed and erected to accommodate the large number of invalids who visit Buffalo from every State and Territory, as well as from many foreign lands, that they may avail themselves of the professional services of the Staff of skilled specialists in medicine and surgery that compose the Faculty of this widely celebrated institution.

A FAIR AND BUSINESS-LIKE OFFER TO INVALIDS.

We earnestly invite you to come, see and examine for yourself, our institutions, appliances, advantages and success in curing chronic diseases. Have a mind of your own. Do not listen to or heed the counsel of skeptical friends or jealous physicians, who know nothing of us, our system of treatment, or means of cure, yet who never lose an opportunity to misrepresent and endeavor to prejudice people against us. We are responsible to you for what we represent, and if you come and visit us, and find that we have misrepresented, in any particular, our institutions, advantages or success, we will promptly refund to you all expenses of your trip. We court honest, sincere investigation, have no secrets, and are only too glad to show all interested and candid people what we are doing for suffering humanity.

NOT ALWAYS NECESSARY TO SEE PATIENTS.

By our original system of diagnosis, we can treat many chronic diseases just as successfully without as with a personal consultation. While we are always glad to see our patients, and become acquainted with them, show them our institutions, and familiarize them with our system of treatment, yet we have not seen one person in five hundred whom we have cured. The perfect accuracy with which scientists are enabled to deduce the most minute particulars in their several departments appears almost miraculous, if we view it in the light of the early ages. Take, for example, the electro-magnetic telegraph, the greatest invention of the age. Is it not a marvelous degree of accuracy which enables an operator to exactly locate a fracture in a submarine cable nearly three thousand miles long? Our venerable "clerk of the weather" has become so thoroughly familiar with the most wayward elements of nature that he can accurately predict their movements. He can sit in Washington and foretell what the weather will be in Florida or New York as well as if several hundred miles did not intervene between him and the

places named. And so in all departments of modern science, what is required is the knowledge of certain signs. From these, scientists deduce accurate conclusions regardless of distance. So, also, in medical science, diseases have certain unmistakable signs, or symptoms, and by reason of this fact, we have been enabled to originate and perfect a system of determining, with the greatest accuracy, the nature of chronic diseases, without seeing and personally examining our patients. In recognizing diseases without a personal examination of the patient, we claim to possess no miraculous powers. We obtain our knowledge of the patient's disease by the practical application, to the practice of medicine, of well-established principles of modern science. And it is to the accuracy with which this system has endowed us that we owe our almost world-wide reputation of skillfully treating lingering or chronic affections. This system of practice, and the marvelous success which has been attained through it, demonstrate

MARVELOUS SUCCESS.

the fact that diseases display certain phenomena, which, being subjected to scientific analysis, furnish abundant and unmistakable data, to guide the judgment of the skillful practitioner aright in determining the nature of diseased conditions. The most ample resources for treating lingering or chronic diseases, and the greatest skill, are thus placed within the easy reach of every invalid, however distant he or she may reside from the physicians making the treatment of such affections a specialty. Full particulars of our original, scientific system of examining and treating patients at a distance are contained in "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," By R. V. Pierce, M. D., 1,000 pages and over 300 colored and other illustrations. Sent, post-paid, for \$1.50. Or write and describe your symptoms, inclosing ten cents in stamps, and a complete treatise, on your particular disease, will be sent you, with our terms for treatment and all particulars.

COMMON SENSE AS APPLIED TO MEDICINE.

It is a well-known fact, and one that appeals to the judgment of every thinking person, that the physician who devotes his whole time to the study and investigation of a certain class of diseases, must become better qualified to treat such diseases than he who attempts to treat every ill to which flesh is heir, without giving special attention to any class of diseases. Men, in all ages of the world, who have become famous, have devoted their lives to some special branch of science, art, or literature.

By the thorough organization, and subdividing the practice of medicine and surgery in this institution, every invalid is treated by a specialist—one who devotes his undivided attention to the particular class of diseases to which the case belongs. The advantage of this arrangement is obvious. Medical science offers a vast field for investigation, and no physician can, within the brief limits of a lifetime, achieve the highest degree of success in the treatment of every malady incident to humanity.

OUR FIELD OF SUCCESS.

NASAL, THROAT and LUNG DISEASES.

Recognizing the fact that no great institution dedicated exclusively to the treatment of chronic diseases would meet the needs of the afflicted of our land without the most perfect, complete and extensive provision for the most improved treatment of diseases of the air-passages and lungs, such as Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Asthma and Consumption, we have made this branch of our institution one of the leading Departments. We have every kind of useful instrument for examining the organs involved, such as rhinoscopes, laryngoscopes, stethoscopes, spirometers, etc., etc., as well as all of the most approved kinds of apparatus for the application of sprays, fumigations, atomizations, pulverizations, inhalations, and all other forms of approved medicinal applications.

We publish three separate books on Nasal, Throat and Lung diseases, viz.: A Treatise on Consumption, Laryngitis and Bronchitis; price, postpaid, ten cents; A Treatise on Asthma, or Phthisis, giving new and successful treatment; price, postpaid, ten cents; A Treatise on Chronic Nasal Catarrh; price, postpaid, two cents.

DISEASES OF DIGESTION.

Dyspepsia, "Liver Complaint," Obstructed Constipation, Chronic Diarrhea, Tape-worms, and kindred affections, are among those chronic diseases in the successful treatment of which our specialists have attained unparalleled success. Many of the diseases affecting the liver and other organs contributing to their functions to the process of digestion, are very obscure, and are not infrequently mistaken by both laymen and physicians for other maladies, and treatment is employed directed to the removal of a disease which does not exist. Our complete Treatise on Diseases of the Digestive Organs will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents in postage-stamps.

KIDNEY DISEASES.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, and kindred maladies, have been very largely treated, and cures effected in thousands of cases which had been pronounced beyond hope. The study and practice of chemical analysis and microscopical examination of the urine in our consideration of cases, with reference to correct diagnosis, in which our institution long ago became famous, has naturally led to a very extensive practice in diseases of the urinary organs. Our specialists have acquired through a vast and varied experience, great expertness in determining the exact nature of each case, and, hence, have been successful in nicely adapting their remedies for the cure of each individual case.

The treatment of diseases of the urinary organs having constituted a prominent branch, or specialty, of our practice at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, and, being in constant receipt of numerous inquiries for a complete but concise work on the nature and curability of these maladies, we have published a large illustrated treatise on these diseases, which will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents in postage-stamps.

BLADDER DISEASES.

INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER, Gravel, Enlarged Prostate Gland, Retention of Urine, and kindred affections, may be included among those in the cure of which our specialists have achieved marvelous success. These are fully treated of in our illustrated pamphlet on Urinary Diseases. It includes numerous testimonials from well-known people. Sent by mail for ten cents in stamps. Send for it at once.

STRICTURE.

STRICTURES AND URINARY FISTULÆ.—Hundreds of cases of the worst form of stricture, many of them greatly aggravated by the careless use of instruments in the hands of inexperienced physicians and surgeons, causing false passages, urinary fistula, and other complications, annually consult us for relief and cure. That no case of this class is too difficult for the skill of our specialists

is proved by cures reported in our illustrated treatise on these maladies, to which we refer with pride. To intrust this class of cases to physicians of small experience, is a dangerous proceeding. Many a man has been ruined for life by so doing, while thousands annually lose their lives through unskillful treatment. Send particulars of your case and ten cents in postage-stamps, for a large, illustrated treatise containing many testimonials.

NERVOUS DISEASES.

Epileptic Convulsions, or Fits, Paralysis, or Palsy, Locomotor Ataxia, St. Vitus's Dance, Insomnia, or inability to sleep, and threatened insanity, Nervous Debility, arising from overstudy, excesses, and other causes, and every variety of nervous affection, are treated by our specialists for these diseases with a measure of success heretofore regarded as impossible. See numerous cases reported in our different illustrated pamphlets on nervous diseases, any one of which will be sent for ten cents in postage-stamps, when request for them is accompanied with a statement of a case for consultation, so that we may know which one of our Treatises to send.

DISEASES OF WOMEN.

So alarmingly prevalent are those chronic diseases peculiar to females, and so famous have our institutions become for their cure, that we were long ago obliged to create a special department, thoroughly organized, and devoted exclusively to the treatment of these cases. The physicians and surgeons in this Department have made these delicate diseases their sole study.

Hundreds are brought to our institutions from far distant States on beds, and they go home well and strong. Every case consulting our specialists, whether by letter or in person, is given the most careful and considerate attention. Every important case (and we get few which have not already baffled the skill of all the home physicians) has the benefit of a full Council, composed of skilled specialists. Our Department and rooms for ladies in the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute are so arranged as to be very private, and free from the annoyances so common in other institutions. Send ten cents in postage-stamps for our large Complete Treatise on Diseases of Women, illustrated with numerous wood-cuts and colored plates.

PILE TUMORS.

PILES, FISTULA IN ANO, and other diseases affecting the region of the lower bowel, are largely treated, and with marvelous success, by specialists, who give their whole time to the study and treatment of this class of affections. We never fail to cure pile tumors, however large. When the patient can come here for treatment, we will guarantee a cure.

Fortunately for suffering humanity, a method of treatment has been perfected and thoroughly tested in our institutions, by which in from six to fifteen days radical and perfect cures of the worst forms of piles are effected without causing any severe suffering. Send ten cents in stamps for our large illustrated Treatise on Piles.

RUPTURE.

Hernia (Breach), or Rupture, no matter of how long standing, of what size, or what the age of the patient may be (if not under four years), is speedily and radically cured in every case undertaken by our specialists, without the knife, without dependence upon trusses, without pain and without danger.

THROW AWAY TRUSSES.

There is no longer any need of wearing clumsy, awkward, chafing, old trusses, which, at best, give only partial relief, which never cure, but often inflict great injury and induce inflammation and strangulation, from which thousands annually die. There is no safety in depending upon any kind of truss, though, no doubt, every man who has suffered the agonies of a strangulated hernia, and died, thought himself safe. Both the rupture and the truss keep up a mental strain and induce nervous debility and various organic weaknesses of the kidneys, bladder, and associate organs.

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Notwithstanding the great number of ruptures treated in the three years past, many of them of immense size and of such a character that no other plan of treatment could possibly have succeeded, every case to which this perfected system of treatment has been thoroughly applied has been perfectly cured. Only a few days' residence at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute is necessary.

Abundant references, by permission of those whom we have cured, will be furnished to any one wishing to call upon or write them.

An illustrated treatise on Rupture sent to any address upon receipt of ten cents.

DELICATE DISEASES.

Organic weakness, nervous debility, premature decline of the manly powers, involuntary vital losses, and kindred affections, are speedily, thoroughly and permanently cured. To those acquainted with our institutions it is scarcely necessary to say that the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, with the branch establishment located at No. 2 New Oxford Street, London, England, have, for many years, enjoyed the distinction of being the most largely patronized and widely celebrated institutions in the world for the treatment and cure of those affections which arise from youthful indiscretions and pernicious solitary practices.

We, many years ago, established a special Department for the treatment of these diseases, under the management of some of the most skillful physicians and surgeons on our Staff, in order that all who apply to us might receive all the advantages of a full Council of the most experienced medical men.

WE OFFER NO APOLOGY.

We offer no apology for devoting so much attention to this neglected class of diseases, believing no condition of humanity is too wretched to merit the sympathy and best services of the noble profession to which we belong. Many who suffer from these terrible diseases contract them innocently. Why any medical man intent on doing good, and alleviating suffering, should shun such cases, we cannot imagine. Why any one should consider it otherwise than most honorable to cure the worst cases of these diseases, we cannot understand; and yet of all the other maladies which afflict mankind there are probably none about which physicians in general practice know so little.

We fully agree with the celebrated Dr. Bartholow, who says, "I think if a reproach to our profession that this subject has been permitted, in a measure by our own indifference, to pass into the hands of unscrupulous pretenders. Because the subject is disagreeable, competent physicians are loath to be concerned with it. The same unnecessary fastidiousness causes the treatment of this malady to be avoided in private practice."

We shall, therefore, continue, as heretofore, to treat with our best consideration, sympathy and skill, all applicants who are suffering from any of these delicate diseases.

Our Complete and Illustrated Treatise on these subjects is sent to any address on receipt of ten cents in stamps.

ALL CHRONIC DISEASES A SPECIALTY.—Although we have, in the preceding paragraphs, made mention of some of the special ailments to which particular attention is given by the specialists of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, yet the Institution abounds in skill, facilities, and apparatus for the successful treatment of every form of chronic ailment, whether requiring for its cure medical or surgical means.

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